

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



TWO YELLOW WILLOWS, VILLAINESS OF THE LOVELY HANDS: MISS ANNA MAY WONG, THE MONGOL SLAVE OF "THE THIEF OF BAGDAD" FILM, AT DRURY LANE.

Miss Anna May Wong is the entrancing actress who plays the part of the Mongol Slave in "The Thief of Bagdad," at Drury Lane, and who is notable for the charm of her Celestial beauty, and for her slender, lovely hands. Her name when translated means "Two

Yellow Willows," and she takes the part of the villainess in "The Thief of Bagdad"—the slave who attempts to poison the Princess, in order that the Chinese suitor may bring her to life once more by his magic life-giving apple, and thus win her hand.

Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."



TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT THE ATOM.

I MET a man the other day who happens to be a very clever scientist.

I said to this man, "Hi! What's all this about the atom?"

"All what?" was his reply. (Really clever people always disarm you by using the simplest words. People who don't know anything, of course, have got to use words that nobody understands—or get found out.)

"Why, all this. Some chap at Sheffield who is thinking of blowing England to bits."

"Oh, that?"

"Yes. What does it all mean?"

"How do you mean—'all mean'?"

"Well, I want to know what to expect."

"I don't think you need worry."

"Then there's nothing in it?"

"Quite. And the theory is that, if this Professor chops an atom in two, Sheffield goes west?"

"It might."

"You really think it's possible?"

"Anything's possible in science."

"Don't hedge, old fellow. If there's nothing in the atom, what is going to send Sheffield west?"

"If anything, the atomic force."

"Then there is force in the atom?"

"That is the theory."

"But how can there be force in a thing so small that there is nothing in it?"

"Let me ask you a question. What keeps the world together?"

"I don't know."

"What is the world made of?"

"My dear chap, it's obvious."

"Not to me."

"It will be if you think it over. An atom may be the centre of force; that is the Boscovitch theory."

"Is he dead?"

"Oh, yes, I expect so. He was born in 1711."

"Does his theory still stand?"

"It is on record. But Kelvin pictured the atom as vortex rings in a perfect fluid, which he identified as æther."

"I see. Thanks."

"Just a moment. Larmor thought atoms were strains in the æther, whereas Osborne Reynolds was pretty sure that they were spaces in æther."

"I think he was right."

THINGS TO LOOK OUT FOR IN "THE SKETCH."

We think it best to call the attention of our readers to some features that are now being, or will shortly be, introduced in our columns:—

- (1) A weekly **ACROSTIC COMPETITION**, with substantial prizes, is inaugurated in this issue. (See page xxiv.)
- (2) A **BRIDGE COMPETITION** will shortly be announced.
- (3) A new Series of sympathetic dog etchings by **MARGUERITE KIRMSE** (with their accompanying dog poems by Joe Walker) will be published within the next few weeks. Readers of "THE SKETCH" will recollect the last series, which was one of the most popular features of this journal.
- (4) **C. B. COCHRAN'S MEMOIRS**, of which the first publication rights have been purchased by "The Sketch," will appear exclusively in these columns, at a date to be announced later.
- (5) An interesting feature will be a prize for the *Best Individual Piece of Acting of the Month*, given by "The Sketch." Conditions for this prize will be announced shortly.

"Nothing in what?"

"Nothing in the atom."

"Precisely."

"It's all rot, eh?"

"What's all rot?"

"Why, that if this chap chops an atom in two the whole of Sheffield may go to glory."

"Oh, I don't say that's all rot."

"Yes, you did. You said there was nothing in it."

"I said there was nothing in the atom."

"Then how can nothing blow Sheffield to pieces?"

"I think we're talking about two different things."

"Not at all. We're talking about the atom."

"No. We began about the atom. Now we're on to the atomic theory."

"Is that a different thing from the atom?"

"Certainly. An atom is an atom, and a theory is a theory."

"Oh, earth, and water, and sky, and rocks, and so forth."

"Yes, but what are they made of?"

"What they are, I suppose."

"Yes, but what are they?"

"Particles of stuff."

"Quite. Atoms. Now you're on to it."

"Am I? Do I look on to it?"

"No. You look as if you were going to have a bad headache."

"That's just how I feel."

"Scientists have had many bad headaches trying to solve the puzzle of the atom."

"And still they know nothing about it?"

"Nothing for certain. But we do know that the atom is the smallest possible molecule of matter. Divide an atom, and you release the force that keeps the universe together."

"You don't say that?"

"You've studied the subject?"

"Well, just a trifle."

"Then what is your opinion as to positive electricity in the construction of the atom? The Thomson theory, you remember, is that the atom is a uniform mass of positive electricity with the negative electrons embedded in it. That the electrons rotate as the planets do in a planetary system, and that the difference between atoms is simply a difference in number and arrangement of the electrons. What do you think of that?"

"I think it's splendid."

"Ah! Then you're a Thomsonian!"

"Am I really? I've often wondered."

"Certainly you are. And, that being the case, tell me this. Suppose the electrons arranged themselves in a series of concentric spherical shells—"

"I must ask you gentlemen to move on," interposed a policeman. "You're blocking up the entrance to the tea-shop."

At the Bath Autumn Meeting: Snapshots from the Course.



Baron Frank
de Tuyl.



The Hon. Mrs. Duncan Campbell
and Mr. Persse.



Captain and Mrs.
Miles Thompson.



With Mr. Lees Milne:
Miss H. Rodocanachi.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Morley
with Mr. Nell.



Sir Ralph Kennedy
and Miss Batchelor.



Mrs. Sofer Whitburn.
the Hon. Mrs. Duncan Campbell
and Mrs. Hunloke.

SOME OF THOSE WHO ASSEMBLED AT BATH: WELL-KNOWN FOLK AT THE RACES.

The Bath Autumn Meeting was fairly well attended, and a number of well-known people were to be seen there. Baron Frank de Tuyl is the son of the Duchess of Beaufort by her first marriage.—Mrs. Sofer Whitburn is the well-known race-horse owner, and the Hon. Mrs. Duncan

Campbell is Lord Barnby's only daughter.—Mrs. Hunloke is the wife of Major Philip Hunloke, C.V.O., one of his Majesty's Grooms-in-Waiting.—Miss H. Rodocanachi is a feminine race-horse owner, and Sir Ralph Kennedy is the fourth Baronet.—[Photographs by S. and G. and B.I.]

Town and Country: A Quartet of Weddings.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT THE ORATORY: MISS LENA DAVIDSON
AND HER BRIDEGROOM, MAJOR WALTER BONN, D.S.O

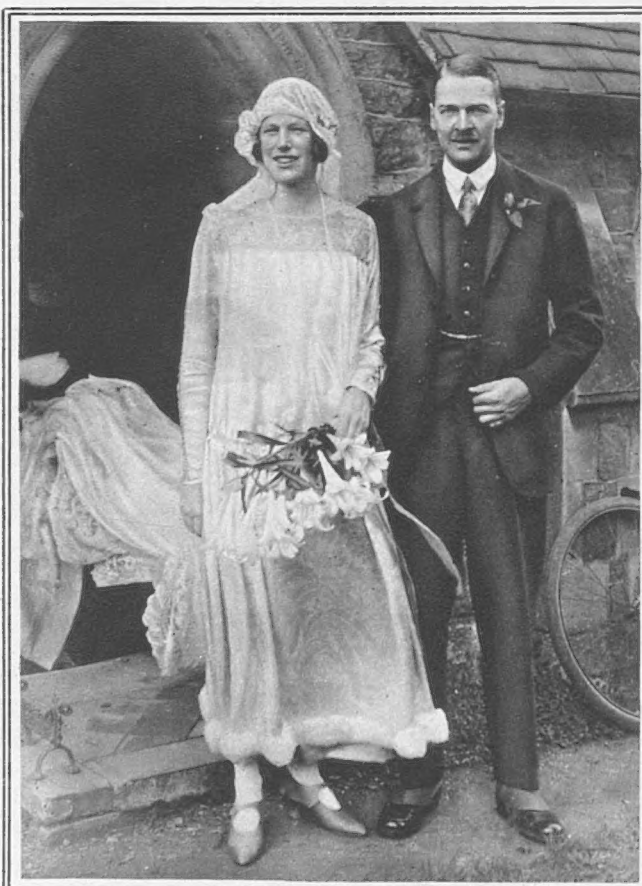


AFTER THE CEREMONY IN THE GUARDS' CHAPEL: MISS VIOLET STANLEY
AND CAPTAIN BOOKER MILBURN, D.S.O., MC.



MARRIED AT INSTOW: MISS BETTIA MAUD FAYNER,
AND MR. ERIC A. O. HUTCHINSON.

Miss Lena Davidson is the youngest daughter of Lady Theodora Davidson. Major Walter Bonn, D.S.O., M.C., is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Bonn.—Miss Violet Stanley is the elder daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Stanley, and a niece of Lord Derby.—Miss Bettia Maud Fayner is the daughter of Colonel



MARRIED AT BYFLEET: MISS LUCY BARNES AND HER
BRIDEGROOM, CAPTAIN C. A. FITZROY.

and Mrs. Fayner. Mr. Eric Alexander O. Hutchinson, R.G.A., is the son of Sir Thomas and Lady Hutchinson.—Miss Lucy Barnes is the daughter of Sir George and Lady Barnes, of Foxholme, Cobham. Captain Charles Fitzroy is the son of the late Rev. Lord Charles Fitzroy.—[Photographs by I.B., T.P.A., and C.N.]

Actor's Daughter and Peer's Son: A Notable Wedding.



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS "BLOSSOM" FORBES-ROBERTSON AND THE HON. INIGO FREEMAN-THOMAS: THE BRIDE AND GROOM, WITH THE BEST MAN AND ATTENDANTS AND THE BRIDE'S FATHER.



CUTTING THE CAKE: THE HON. MRS. INIGO FREEMAN-THOMAS—FORMERLY MISS "BLOSSOM" FORBES-ROBERTSON—AND HER HUSBAND.

One of the most important of the notable marriages of the week was that of the Hon. Inigo Freeman-Thomas, only surviving son of Viscount and Viscountess Willingdon, to Miss Maxine (Blossom) Forbes-Robertson, eldest daughter of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the famous actor, and Lady Forbes-Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott).



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. MARK'S, HAMILTON TERRACE: MISS "BLOSSOM" FORBES-ROBERTSON AND THE HON. INIGO FREEMAN-THOMAS.

Our group shows (l. to r.): back row, Miss Joan Egerton, Lady Patricia Blackwood, the bridegroom, the bride, Mr. Arthur Wilson, Miss Hilary Wilson, and Lady Eleanor Smith; seated, Miss Marshall Brookes, Miss Chloe Forbes-Robertson, Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, Miss Margaret Coats; in front, Miss Diana Forbes-Robertson.

Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co., T.P.A., and Lafayette.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

WEDDINGS, dancing, and political thrills made quite an exciting week for us—and the fact that most of those who are now back again in town were guests at one or another of the important marriages hurried on the choice of our winter clothes, so we are fortunately free from that awful bondage of "fittings," in time to be able to devote all our energies to canvassing, if so minded. To begin with the weddings, it was very hard lines on Miss Sylvia Portman that, on her arrival from the country on the morning of the marriage of Miss Violet Stanley to Captain Booker Milburn, she should have had a couple of fainting attacks, and thus have to give up her duties as a bridesmaid. Owing to there being one attendant missing, Miss Rosemary Stanley walked alone in front of Miss Barbara Stanley and Miss Estelle Milburn; but the effect was in no way spoiled, and the trio looked delightful in their frocks of the crinkliest and the palest gold, with just a splash of red in the loose knot, with long ends of red chiffon which matched their huge feather fans, and the red of the uniforms of the men of the Coldstream Guards, who acted as the guard of honour.

The reception at Derby House was a very jolly affair, and the cutting of the cake took place in the fine Adam dining-room. It is a lovely salon and rather unique with its rows of pillars at each end, which are placed so as to make the room look almost oval. The cake was one of those much-decorated ones, covered with many little baskets and bits of white heather, which form such acceptable souvenirs for the guests to take away. Stanleys were present, of course, in full force, and included Lord and Lady Derby (the latter in cinnamon brown with a brown velvet hat) and her sister, the Dowager Lady Gosford. Lord and Lady Stanley were there, too. She wore her favourite long sable stole over a black frock, and spent some time sitting on the stairs with her small page son. Mrs. Roland Cubitt was one of the guests, and looked very well in a black hat of a new and rather original shape; and I saw Lady Beatty, who is delighted with the benefit she feels as the result of her three months' cruise on board the yacht; Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield, Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, who not only wore a collar of the attractive grebe which

has suddenly come into favour again, but had cuffs of it as well; and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, who was trying to make people believe that her hat of hatter's plush was one of her husband's toppers cut down—which, you may take it from me, it was not!

There was no searching for rice

at the Booker Milburn-Stanley wedding, as there was at some of the big season's marriages, for bowls—just ordinary pudding-basins—full of rice were passed round before the bride's departure, and the guard of honour, who had been regaling themselves in the house during the reception, came and stood outside to give a ceremonial send-off to Captain and Mrs. Booker Milburn.

At Miss Stanley's wedding, I learned that Captain Booker Milburn's sister, Miss Muriel Milburn, had fixed her marriage date for Nov. 12. At first it was going to take place in October, but perhaps the idea of two weddings in one family in the same month was too much, and, at all events, it was postponed for

a week or two. Miss Milburn's fiancé is Mr. Maurice Wilson, the only surviving son of Lord Ashmore. I also had a chat with Miss Mary Ashley, who came with her stepmother, Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley. She told me that Lady Louis Mountbatten's return was timed for Monday, so by this time the blinds at Brook House should be drawn up once more.

Then on the following day was the Freeman-Thomas—Forbes-Robertson wedding. The main impression of this is that of crowds, and again crowds. Masses of people at the church and at the reception—the crush outside St. Mark's being so great that a number of the guests got out of their conveyances some distance away and walked through the mud instead of waiting in the queue. I saw Miss Gladys Cooper among the walking contingent—looking very smart in a leopard-trimmed get-up—with Mr. Norman Forbes and Sir Squire

Bancroft. The church was crammed with guests, and Lady de Trafford and her daughter, Mrs. Menzies (who looked nice in a small red felt hat), Mrs. Roland Cubitt and Lady Wavertree had to be content with standing room; while Mrs. Ronald Greville, who was looking particularly well in black satin with a sable collar, and a little hat adorned with one of the fashionable shaded tawny pompons, found a place on an extra seat placed in the aisle, with Sir Vincent Caillard standing close by.

The bride's dress was quite lovely, and her maids were a pretty company in their airy pink dresses—which, however, can't have been very comfortable wear in the chill October atmosphere. By the way, Mr. Freeman-Thomas has set a new fashion in the way of presents for the bridesmaids, as the pink dresses were his gift. He also made his mother, Lady Willingdon, a present of her frock of blue-green panne.

A large tent was set up in the garden of Miss Maxine Elliott's house in Abbey Road, which was lent for the reception, and there was a second one for the display of the hundreds of presents.

Miss Blossom Forbes-Robertson had some wonderful gifts, which included a massive diamond bracelet from the bridegroom and a diamond wrist-watch, to which a number of friends had subscribed; while Miss Maxine Elliott, in addition to giving the young couple her house, and assuring the bride



1. Angela and the Misses Dulle-Life (whom she is chaperoning) have now arrived at Gibraltar, where they all go ashore. Angela has received a charming invitation from two delightful Sappers to go and explore a tunnel. They are disappearing up the road to the right. The poor Misses Dulle-Life are going for a nice walk up the Rock with old Miss Kindleigh-Touriste.



2. Angela supposes that they are going to discover the fictitious tunnel to Africa, and that they will presently emerge upon "Africa's golden sands." Here one young man will thank her for her help and inspiration, while the other erects a wireless station and transmits the glad news of their discovery. The natives, meanwhile, will dance in their honour.

an income of £4000 a year, presented a dressing-case of which the fittings are all of tortoiseshell, with no gold or silver mounts. Other interesting gifts included "G. B. S.'s" present of a copy of his "Saint Joan."

As for the guests, it is difficult to name a few of the many well-known folk. Lady Harcourt was there, in a becoming round toque; Mrs. Richard Bethell with her small girl, Nefertari, clad in pale-green velvet; Miss Prudence Bouchier, and Lady Cynthia Mosley, pretty in bottle-green. The bride went off in a costume of dark Wedgwood-blue, and carried a little jewel-case of the



3. However, it is quite an ordinary tunnel which they explore. The young men bring out a chart and a great many instruments, and have a lot of clever conversation. Angela is quite neglected, and has to talk to the lizards . . .

same coloured leather, which, incidentally, matched her eyes.

How hard we all dance still; and now that there are no private dances to go to, we seem to do the round of the London restaurants to take our fox-trotting exercise. I went to the Piccadilly Hotel the other night to see the Revels, and listen to Giannina Doria singing her Italian and French songs as she sways across the floor in her full-skirted taffetas gown, and saw Prince George—who has been enjoying his leave very much—at supper with the Marquis and Marquise de Casa Maury and three other friends. The Marquise, who was formerly Miss Paul Gellibrand, was in a frock of that pale lily-of-the-valley leaf-green which is made for delicate blondes to wear, and had a lovely pair of long diamond ear-rings. Prince George danced hard, and was very amused when Signorina Doria recognised the Royal visitor and threw a couple of bunches of roses on to his plate—a good shot, by the way, from off the dancing floor.

The Ritz, too, draws a big crowd of dancers in the evening, and Lord Pembroke was entertaining a party there the other night, his guests including the Duchess of Westminster; while at another table Sir Matthew and Lady Wilson were dining with Lord Lovat.

The reopening of Chez Fysher is another attraction for those who like cabarets, and Mme. Dora Stroeve is again charming Londoners with her rather plaintive and melancholy music at Oddenino's Imperial Restaurant. Somehow, after a good dinner, it is very attractive to listen to the haunting, almost heart-breaking songs which she sings, and to be wafted away in a pleasant sentimental dream over her rendering of "What 'll I do?"

What a picturesque figure she is, too, in her mannishly cut black suit, with a red handkerchief knotted at the back of her neck, and her sleek, shining head of dark hair.

Artistic society assembled in considerable force at the First Studio Theatre productions in the ball-room at Seaford House. The programme, consisting of plays by Rudyard Kipling and Maurice Baring, was naturally a good one, but environment *does* help, and I question if we should have been quite as enthusiastic without the special attraction of so lovely a *mise-en-scène*. Quite a delightful little stage was set up at one end of the white-and-gold room, and was hung with plain orange-coloured curtains from floor to ceiling, exactly the same hue being used for the paper on which the programmes were printed. I liked "Cæsar's Dinner Party" and "Lucullus's Dinner Party" the best, and thoroughly enjoyed Miss Sybil Thorndike and Mr. Bruce Winston's acting in the latter. He is mainly responsible for the First Studio Theatre, and was admirable in his rôle of Lucullus. We were to have had Gladys Cooper for Cleopatra, but Miss Marjorie Gordon actually appeared in the rôle, and, as Egypt's Queen, carried a very large feather fan mounted on mother-o'-pearl sticks. An anachronism, no doubt, but it certainly is a wonderful fan!

Lord and Lady Howard de Walden had a dinner before the performance, and took a great personal interest in the proceedings. Lady Howard wore an embroidered shawl over her dress of red and gold, which had a touch of green in its Egyptian design, and she wore some fine pearls. Lady Moira Lyttelton was there with her good-looking husband, and had a smart frock of the inevitable red of the moment, with splashes of gold. What an attractive couple they are; and I always think that she looks smaller and slimmer than ever when by the side of the tall, broad-shouldered Captain Oliver Lyttelton. Sir John and Lady Lavery arrived late, but not too much behind time to see the plays of their friend Mr. Baring. Lady Lavery was one of the many women in red, and had wound a scarf of red chiffon round her arm, which had been so badly stung in Dublin some weeks ago. Lady Headfort was looking very handsome in a pale-mauve cloak with a petal collar, and a flat bandeau of flowers in her hair. She still favours this form of head-decoration, which is not often seen in our shingled modern society. Mr. Gordon Selfridge was her escort, and Lady Wyndham sat next to Sir George and Lady Lewis.

Naturally, Miss Viola Tree was of the company. She has shingled her hair, and wears it parted in the middle—quite straight, without the sign of a wave.

During the interval everyone wandered into the drawing-room, where Lady Howard de Walden has some lovely French fans framed on the walls, and Lord Howard's fine collection of armour came in for its share of admiration; while cigarettes were lit and talk became general—some of it being very brilliant, notably that which emanated from the spot where G. K. Chesterton, Maurice Baring, and Lady Lavery stood in a group.

Weddings of interest are fixed for nearly every week of the early autumn, and our latest new Peeress, Lady Ridley, had a very pretty ceremony at her wedding on the 13th—Monday. The bride—then Miss Ursula Lutyens—showed her fondness for green not only in her choice of green frilled frocks for her twelve little bridesmaids and one page, but by selecting a green woollen costume for her travelling suit, in which she left for Ashby St. Ledgers, which Lord

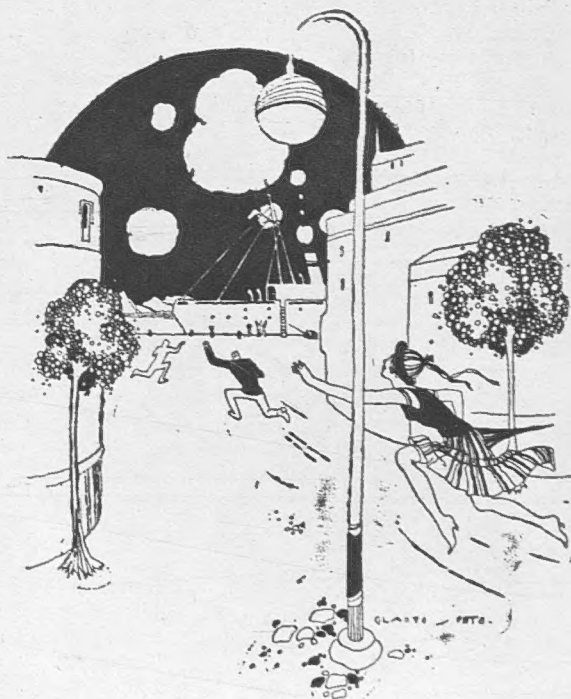
Wimborne lent for the honeymoon. By the way, the little bridesmaids had very handsome gifts from the bridegroom, as Lord Ridley presented them each with necklaces of jade—just to provide one more touch of the bride's luckiest colour.

Another bride-elect, Miss Elsie Kipling, the only daughter of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is to be married at St. Margaret's on the 22nd to Captain Bambridge, has only just returned from Paris, where she has been staying for a week with her father and mother, buying her trousseau. The trio returned to Bateman's in Burwash, and will stay there until they come to town for the wedding.

Bateman's is a charming old house decorated in attractive old English style, with a fine oak panelled hall. It lies tucked away from the main road in a little valley in a fold of the Sussex downs.

My evening engagements of this week include a visit to the Institut Français du Royaume Uni, on Thursday evening, the 16th, when M. Auguste Dorchain is to lecture on "Some Poets of Yesterday and To-Day," with the assistance of Mlle. Suzanne Gonnell, who will recite a number of poems, accompanied on the harp by Mlle. Micheline Kahn. M. Dorchain is a very distinguished Frenchman; he is President of the Society of French poets, and has had five of his works crowned by the Académie Française, as well as winning the Prize Auguer, which is the highest award any playwright in France may receive; and, of course, his name is familiar to all lovers of French poetry as the compiler of that excellent anthology, "The Hundred Best French Poems." The Institut Français du Royaume Uni, in Cromwell Gardens, always provides most excellent evenings, and anyone who is interested in French literature should keep in touch with its activities.

The custom of giving a tea party on the day before the wedding is usually followed when there is no reception after the ceremony,



4. . . . Until it is time to rush back to the ship, which is just about to sail without them.

and the Dowager Lady Plymouth had a delightful gathering on the day before Lady Phyllis Windsor-Clive was married to Major H. G. Benton. Lady Phyllis received some beautiful jewels, as her mother presented her with a massive necklace and tiara of rubies and diamonds, as well as diamond ear-rings.

MARIEGOLD.

Two Women Jockeys, Two Brides, Four Golfers.



AFTER THE CEREMONY: REAR-ADMIRAL CECIL D. S. RAIKES, R.N., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS KATHERINE FORESTER.



SEMI-FINALISTS IN THE LADIES' CLOSE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: LADY CRUISE, MISS D. R. FOWLER, MISS JOYCE WETHERED, AND MRS. CAUTLEY (L. TO R.).



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT THE GROSVENOR CHAPEL, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET: LADY PHYLLIS WINDSOR-CLIVE AND MAJOR GORDON BENTON.

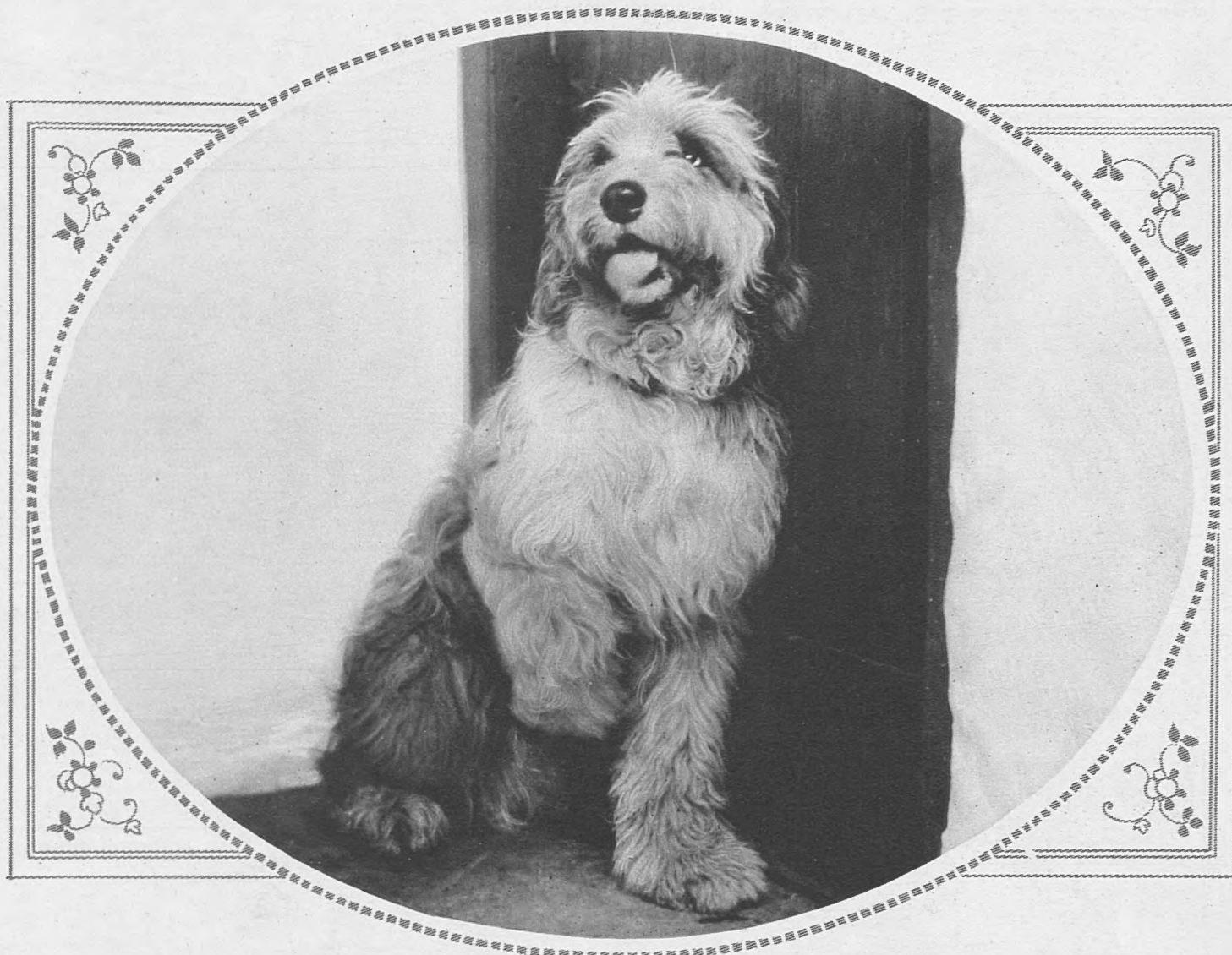
Rear-Admiral Cecil D. S. Raikes's bride is the only child of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Francis Forester.—Lady Phyllis Windsor-Clive, sister of the Earl of Plymouth, was married to Major H. G. Benton, 2nd Lancers (Indian Cavalry), A.D.C. to the Governor of Bengal, last week.—The Town Plate, run at Newmarket, is a race which does not come



WOMEN JOCKEYS WHO RODE IN THE TOWN PLATE AT NEWMARKET: MISS IRIS RICKABY AND MISS BETTY TANNER, THE ACTRESS (R.).

under the rules of racing, and so women may ride in it. It was instituted by Charles II., and has been run yearly since 1666. Miss Tanner, who rode Young Visitor this year, was placed third in the race last year. She is an actress, now playing the French Maid in "Tiger Cats."—[Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co., S. and G., T.P.A., and L.N.A.]

Dog Hero, Dog Villain: "Owd Bob."



THE MOST FAMOUS DOG IN FICTION AS A SCREEN HERO: OWD BOB IN THE PICTURE VERSION OF ALFRED OLIPHANT'S BOOK.

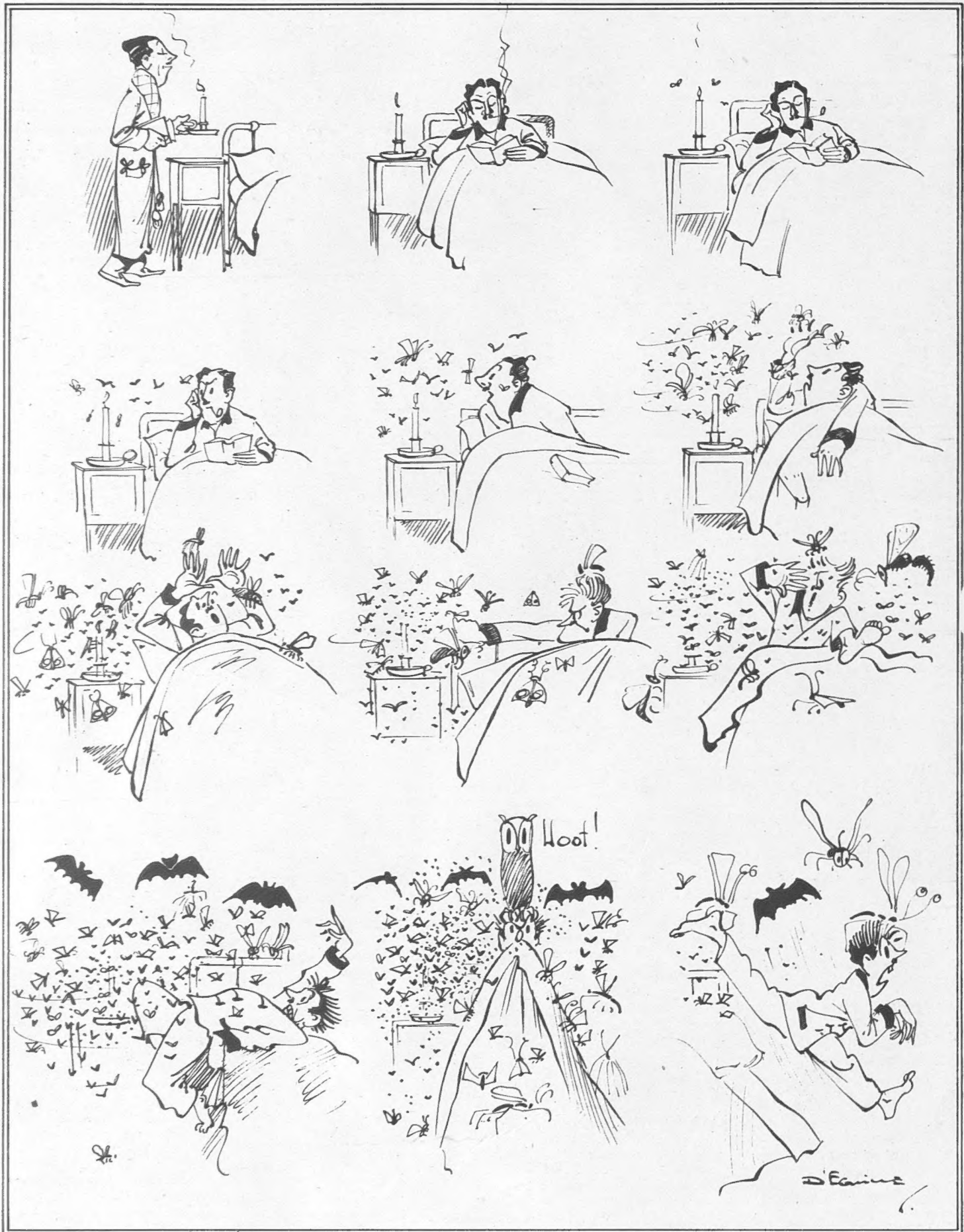
Every dog-lover knows the world's greatest dog story, "Owd Bob," by Alfred Oliphant, and it is good news that this tale of the sheepdogs and their masters has now been filmed, as it makes an admirable picture. It is a Novello Atlas

(Continued opposite.



THE TRAGIC FIGURE OF THE DOG VILLAIN OF "OWD BOB": RED WULL AS HE APPEARS ON THE SCREEN.

Continued.] production, and is promised for release in February at the New Capitol Theatre, Haymarket. Our page shows Owd Bob, the bob-tailed English sheep-dog who plays the rôle of the faithful hero of the piece, and Red Wull, the tragic villain of the story.

**MOSQUITOES!**

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

Good Racing and a Pleasant Meeting at Nottingham.

*Lady Barbara Smith
& Steve Donoghue.*



Mrs. Stanley & the Hon. Wilfrid Egerton.

Capt. Blew-Jones & Mrs. Charles Birkin.



Mrs. Dare-Morden & Mrs. Baillie-Harrison.



*The Countess of Bradford
& Lady Diana Bridgeman.*



Sir Stanley & the Hon. Lady Birkin.

WHERE AN ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME WAS OFFERED: SNAPSHOTS FROM THE NOTTINGHAM MEETING.

An attractive programme was offered at Nottingham, and good sport was witnessed by a big crowd of people. Sir Stanley Birkin is the second Baronet. Lady Birkin is the sister of the eighth Lord Chetwynd.—The Countess of Bradford is the wife of the fifth Earl, and is

the eldest daughter of the second Lord Aberdare. Lady Diana Bridgeman is her eldest daughter, and was born in 1907.—The Hon. Wilfrid Egerton is the youngest brother of the fourth Earl of Ellesmere; and Lady Barbara Smith is the eldest daughter of the ninth Earl of Coventry.

Photographs by Alfieri and T.P.A.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

New Ideas in Tailoring.

I don't say that this is more than an opinion, but a middle-aged man of my acquaintance who pays heed to such matters says that though West-End tailoring is still held to be supreme for cut and style, many of the leading firms do not realise that such a reputation can only be held, in these days of world-wide competition, by continuous keenness and enterprise.

He mentioned certain firms of great repute. "I suppose the heads have made so much money they are getting old and comfortable," he said. "At any rate, they don't seem eager to attract fresh customers, or to introduce the new ideas that are the breath of life even to a trade *de luxe*. Our workmanship is careful as ever; but so many tailors are content to believe that the famous story of the Oxford lawns, kept perfect by years and years and years of tending and rolling, applies equally to English tailoring: nothing can rob it of some sort of natural advantage. But America has been taking away some of our best cutters, and is bent upon tempting its growing army of well-dressed men to have native-made clothes, and before long that effort is going to tell.

"I want to see some London firm take a leaf out of the book of a progressive tobacconist, who not only made his wares celebrated for their quality, but introduced new and attractive methods of salesmanship—one might almost say showmanship—and built up an eminently desirable business."

Specialised Cutters.

There is something in what he said. Some of the older establishments do seem content to rest on their laurels; and if increased slackness in the matter of dress is showing itself, it is largely their fault, for even to-day men about town listen with respect to hints and advice from their tailors.

However, one or two young firms with an exclusive clientèle are showing alertness in ideas. Last week I found a Dover Street firm which specialises in different cutters for different types of build and shape. One cutter can do wonders with men whose figures are limp and scraggy. Another, by experience, knows every phase of the art of making clothes sit well on customers who want to make their plump stubbiness less noticeable. Another firm is doing well because it has made salesmen of young men who themselves are exceptionally well dressed.

America took keen stock of every article of clothing worn by the Prince during his

recent visit. His Royal Highness gets most of his lounge suits in St. James's Street, but of late he has gone to Savile Row for his evening clothes.

Lord Stamfordham.

It is Lord Stamfordham, the King's principal private secretary, who does the liaison work between Buckingham Palace and the political leaders when talk of a General Election becomes serious, and it is safe to say that in any such crisis Lord Stamfordham knows as soon as anyone when the important decision is made.

The King once observed, with a shrewd smile, that the best way to keep Lord Stamfordham from thinking of retiring was "to threaten a General Election."

The Champagne Corks.

The champagne experts say that usually the best vintage years have been those ending with an even number. In

regular champagne-drinker ought surely from that to be able to tell the quality of the wine.

Some years ago, the wine waiters in the chief restaurants tried always to secure the corks after the bottles had been opened. The champagne firms used to allow fourpence, I think it was, for each cork returned to them, just as there is the allowance for mineral-water "empties."

Mr. Wells's Winter Holiday.

Mr. H. G. Wells has been to Geneva for the League of Nations Conference, and as he has been taking too much out of himself, the consequence is that he is now not over-well. I believe he does not intend to spend the winter in this country, preferring the sunshine and the blue skies of Italy. His next novel has to do with love and literary folk. From what I hear, a good many people will seek sunny out-of-the-way spots in Italy this winter, for

in recent years the Riviera has become so crowded it has lost much of its peculiar charm.

"Hummums."

Yet another of London's celebrated hostelries has gone—"Hummums," in Covent Garden. Even those of us who are not so very old can remember breakfasts at "Hummums" after Covent Garden Balls—jolly affairs, with the fresh air of a morning stroll from the Opera House to the hotel, the scent of flowers and fruits, and the enticing odour of sizzling eggs-and-bacon as an appetiser.

I believe that "Hummums" dated back to Charles the Second's

time. Certainly it was known to Dickens and Thackeray, and there were occasions on which King Edward, when Prince of Wales, honoured it with visits. Dan Leno, Herbert Campbell, Hughie Drummond and the other coaching men, and dear, irresponsible Phil May knew it well.

In more recent times, breakfast at the square table where regular guests had their settled seats, and anything from a kipper to a chicken could be obtained, and every problem from growing a potato to running the country was talked about, was an experience not to be forgotten, for "Hummums" was still part of London life.

There was a recent Junior Lord of the Treasury who lived in the hotel for something like nineteen years. And now this place of tradition, hospitality, and good-fellowship has become a potato merchant's store, while the manager, a travelled man, who could always fill a gap in the conversation, has retired to a seaside hotel at Littlestone, where the talk is more about golf than about market produce.



MISS NEWNHAM: What is steam?

BETTY: Water in—in a perspiration.

DRAWN BY A. T. SMITH.

recent years, 1900, 1906, and, for some brands, 1914, have been the great years. The year 1911 intervened to break the rule, and proved to be exceptional; while 1924, with its ceaseless rains, is not likely to be a vintage year at all.

I see that someone has been quoting Lord Thompson, the Air Minister, as being able to tell from a cork the kind, the quality, the year and the history of the champagne it once held in bond. For a moment I thought that the Air Minister must be possessed of some special gift; then I came to the conclusion that the writer either knew little about champagne or else muddled the information he had received, because, as far as I know, every champagne cork—unless the bottle confined some weird brand, such as you find at the cheapest Continental resorts—has stamped on it the brand, and the year, and often if it is intended for the English or the French market—I don't mention the American market, because, on the surface, that market has passed away. And, given the brand and the year, anyone who is a

Dog Studies and Dog Verses: No. XV.



[Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts.]

HE'S coming down the lane—that means a walk.
 Bother! there's William; now they'll stop and talk
 Like they did yesterday, for hours and hours.
 (Peter! he's hearing all about those flowers—
 You know!) Oh, dear, it's coming on to rain;
 I hope he won't—yes, he's turned back again.
 There's Missis calling (please don't push like that;
 You've lots of room)—she's bringing him his hat.
 . . . Oh, leave off, William . . . wish he'd hurry up . . .
 (If you do that again—look out, my pup!
 I got here first. Ease off, there, on the right.
 Sailor! next time—I mean it—I shall bite.)
 At last! Hooray, he's opening the gate!
 Good-morning, Master—but you're *very* late.

JOE WALKER.

WHERE THE BACKERS HAD A GOOD DAY:



*Lord Ebrington (centre)
& Capt. & Mrs. Bache Hay.*



*Sir Claude
Champion de Crespigny
& friend.*



*The Hon. Aubrey
& Mrs. Hastings.*



The Hon. Edward Portman & Mr & Mrs. Grazebrook.



*The Earl & Countess
of Westmorland.*



*Lady Keith Fraser with G. Goswell who rode Arden in the Avon
Handicap Steeplechase.*

BRISK SPORT IN BRIGHT SUNSHINE: SNAPSHOTS

There was a capital attendance at the Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechases, and brisk sport was witnessed in sunshine, though the day was misty in the morning. Backers had a good day, too, as five favourites and a joint-favourite were successful. The Hon. Edward and the Hon. Sylvia Portman are the son and second daughter of Viscount Portman.—Lord Ebrington is the son of Earl Fortescue, and Lady Ebrington is the

'CHASING AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



*The Hon. Edward Portman,
Mrs. Caversham Simmons,
& Mr. Borlase Eady.*



*Lady Ebrington,
the Hon. Sylvia Portman,
Col. Spencer & the
Hon. Edward
Portman.*



*Mr. & Mrs.
Geoffrey Shaw
& Miss V. Barker.*



Mrs. Leith and Mr. George Game.



Capt. Hicks, Miss Mann Thompson, Miss Neilson and Mrs. Neilson.

FROM THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON MEETING.

daughter of the first Lord Allendale; and the Hon. Aubrey Hastings is the brother of the Earl of Huntingdon.—Lady Keith Fraser is the wife of Sir Keith Fraser, whose Ardeen was ridden by G. Goswell.—Lady Westmorland is the youngest daughter of Lord Ribblesdale, and Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny is the fourth Baronet.—[Photographs by S. and G., Alfieri, and B.I.]

A New Addition to N.H. Fixtures: 'Chasing at Fontwell.



Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox.
Capt. Meyrick.
Mrs. Fullerton & Mrs. Meyrick (r)



The Hon. Mrs. Roland
Cubitt.
Lady Burrell.
Mrs. Montagu.
Capt. Saville
& Mr. Peter
Burrell.



Capt. Alvarez.
Mr. G. Whitehead.
Miss Towney & Mr.
T. Pease



Baroness Zouche & Mr. Hawkey Shepherd.



Miss Evelyn Baring and
Miss Nora Kinwen.



The Hon. Barbara Frankland, & Capt. Arthur Bromley.

SOME OF THOSE PRESENT AT FONTWELL PARK: SNAPSHOTS FROM THE COURSE.

Fontwell Park is a new addition to the National Hunt fixtures, and is conducted on up-to-date lines. The meeting there last week was well attended, and, considering that it is early for jumpers to be fit, the fields were most satisfactory. Baroness Zouche, who is a peeress in

her own right, came with her daughter, the Hon. Barbara Frankland.—The Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt is the daughter-in-law of Lord Ashcombe, and was formerly Miss Sonia Keppel.—Lady Burrell is the wife of Sir Merrick Burrell.

Photographs by Alfieri, B.I., and S. and G.

The Beautiful Châtelaine of a Kenya Colony Residence.



OFF TO EAST AFRICA, WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS ARE GOING: LADY FRANCIS SCOTT.

Lady Francis Scott is the wife of Lord Francis Scott, youngest brother of the Duke of Buccleuch, and is the eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Minto. She was married in 1915, and has two little girls, Pamela

and Moyra. Lord and Lady Francis Scott have a place—Deloraine, Njoro, in Kenya Colony, and Lady Francis has just sailed for East Africa, where the Duke and Duchess of York are due in December.

Photograph by Yevonde.



TOMMY AND TUPPENCE.

A DETECTIVE SERIES BY AGATHA CHRISTIE.

Author of "The Man in the Brown Suit," "The Man Who Was Number Four," "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," "The Secret Adversary," etc.

No. IV.—THE CASE OF THE MISSING LADY.

THE buzzer on Mr. Blunt's desk (Detective and Skilled Inquiry Agency—Manager, Theodore Blunt) uttered its warning call. Tommy and Tuppence both flew to their respective peepholes, which commanded a view of the outer office. There it was Albert's business to delay the prospective client with various artistic devices.

"I will see, Sir," he was saying. "But I'm afraid Mr. Blunt is very busy just at present. He is engaged with Scotland Yard on the phone just now."

"I'll wait," said the visitor. "I haven't got a card with me, but my name is Gabriel Stavansson."

The client was a magnificent specimen of manhood, standing over six feet high. His face was bronzed and weather-beaten, and the extraordinary blue of his eyes made an almost startling contrast to the brown skin.

Tommy swiftly made up his mind. He put on his hat, picked up some gloves, and opened the door. He paused on the threshold.

"This gentleman is waiting to see you, Mr. Blunt," said Albert.

A quick frown passed over Tommy's face. He took out his watch.

"I am due at the Duke's at a quarter to eleven," he said. Then he looked keenly at the visitor. "I can give you a few minutes if you will come this way."

The latter followed him obediently into the inner office, where Tuppence was sitting demurely with pad and pencil.

"My confidential secretary, Miss Robinson," said Tommy. "Now, Sir, perhaps you will state your business? Beyond the fact that it is urgent, that you came here in a taxi, and that you have lately been in the Arctic—or possibly the Antarctic—I know nothing."

The visitor stared at him in amazement.

"But this is marvellous," he cried. "I thought detectives only did such things in books. Your office-boy did not even give you my name!"

Tommy sighed deprecatingly.

"Tut, tut! all that was very easy," he said. "The rays of the midnight sun within the Arctic circle have a peculiar action upon the skin—the actinic rays have certain properties. I am writing a little monograph on the subject shortly. But all this is wide of the point. What is it that has brought you to me in such distress of mind?"

"To begin with, Mr. Blunt, my name is Gabriel Stavansson—"

"Ah, of course!" said Tommy. "The well-known explorer. You have recently returned from the region of the North Pole, I believe?"

"I landed in England three days ago. A friend who was cruising in Northern waters brought me back on his yacht. Otherwise I should not have got back for another fortnight. Now I must tell you, Mr. Blunt, that before I started on this last expedition two years ago, I had the great good fortune to become engaged to Mrs. Maurice Leigh Gordon—"

Tommy interrupted.

"Mrs. Leigh Gordon was, before her marriage—"

"The Honourable Hermione Crane, second daughter of Lord Lanchester," reeled off Tuppence glibly.

Tommy threw her a glance of admiration.

"Her first husband was killed in the war," added Tuppence.

Gabriel Stavansson nodded.

"That is quite correct. As I was saying, Hermione and I became engaged. I offered of course, to give up this expedition, but she wouldn't hear of such a thing—bless her! She's the right kind of woman for an explorer's wife. Well, my first thought on landing was to see Hermione. I sent a telegram from Southampton, and rushed up to town by the first train. I knew that she was living for the time being with an aunt of hers, Lady Susan Clonray, in Pont Street, and I went straight there. To my great disappointment, I found that Hermie was away visiting some friends in Northumberland. Lady Susan was quite nice about it after getting over her first surprise at seeing me. As I told you, I wasn't expected for another fortnight. She said Hermie would be returning in a few days' time. Then I asked for her address, but the old woman hummed and hawed—said Hermie was staying at one or two different places, and that she wasn't quite sure what order she was taking them in. I may as well tell you, Mr. Blunt, that Lady Susan and I have never got on very well. She's one of those fat women with double chins. I loathe fat women—always have: fat women and fat dogs are an abomination unto the Lord; and unfortunately, they so often go together. It's an idiosyncrasy of mine, I know—but there it is—I never can get on with a fat woman."

"Fashion agrees with you, Mr. Stavansson," said Tommy drily. "And everyone has their own pet aversion—that of the late Lord Roberts was cats."

"Mind you, I'm not saying that Lady Susan isn't a perfectly charming woman—she may be, but I've never taken to her. I've always felt, deep down, that she disapproved of our engagement, and I feel sure that she would influence Hermie against me if that were possible. I'm telling you this for what it's worth. Count it out as prejudice, if you like. Well, to go on with my story, I'm the kind of obstinate brute who likes his own way. I didn't leave Pont Street until I'd got out of her the names and addresses of the people Hermie was likely to be staying with. Then I took the mail train north."

"You are, I perceive, a man of action, Mr. Stavansson," said Tommy, smiling.

"The thing came upon me like a bomb-shell! Mr. Blunt, none of these people had seen a sign of Hermie. Of the three houses, only one had been expecting her (Lady Susan must have made a bloomer over the other two), and she had put off her visit there at the last moment by telegram. I returned post haste to London, of course, and went straight to Lady Susan. I will do her the justice to say that she seemed upset. She admitted that she had no idea where Hermie could be. All the same, she strongly negated any idea of going to the police. She pointed out that Hermie was not a silly young girl, but an independent woman who had always been in the habit of making her own plans. She was probably carrying out some idea of her own."

"I thought it quite likely that Hermie didn't want to report all her movements to Lady Susan. But I was still worried. I had that queer feeling one gets when something is wrong. I was just leaving when a telegram was brought to Lady Susan. She read it with an expression of relief and handed it to me. It ran as follows: 'Changed my

plans. Just off to Monte Carlo for a week.—Hermie.'"

Tommy held out his hand.

"You have got the telegram with you?"

"No, I haven't. But it was handed in at Malingdon, Surrey. I noticed that at the time, because it struck me as odd. What should Hermie be doing at Malingdon, Surrey? She'd no friends there that I had ever heard of."

"You didn't think of rushing off to Monte Carlo in the same way that you had rushed north?"

"I thought of it, of course, but I decided against it. You see, Mr. Blunt, whilst Lady Susan seemed quite satisfied by that telegram, I wasn't. It struck me as odd that she should always telegraph, not write. A line or two in her own handwriting would have set all my fears at rest. But anyone can sign a telegram 'Hermie.' The more I thought it over, the more uneasy I got. In the end I went down to Malingdon. That was yesterday afternoon. It's a fair-sized place—golf links there and all that, two hotels. I inquired everywhere I could think of, but there wasn't a sign that Hermie had ever been there. Coming back in the train I read your advertisement, and I thought I'd put it up to you. If Hermie has really gone off to Monte Carlo I don't want to set the police on her track and make a scandal; but I'm not going to be sent off on a wild-goose chase myself. I stay here in London, in case—in case there's been foul play of any kind."

Tommy nodded thoughtfully.

"What do you suspect exactly?"

"I don't know. But I feel there's something wrong."

With a quick movement, Stavansson took a case from his pocket and laid it open before them.

"That is Hermione," he said. "I will leave it with you."

The photograph represented a tall, willowy woman, no longer in her first youth, but with a charming frank smile and lovely eyes.

"Now, Mr. Stavansson," said Tommy, "there is nothing you have omitted to tell me?"

"Nothing whatever."

"No detail, however small?"

"I don't think so."

Tommy sighed.

"That makes the task harder," he observed. "You must often have noticed, Mr. Stavansson, in reading of crime, how one small detail is all the great detective needs to set him on the track. I may say that this case presents some unusual features. I have, I think, partially solved it already, but time will show."

He picked up a violin which lay on the table and drew the bow once or twice across the strings. Tuppence ground her teeth, and even the explorer blanched. The performer laid the instrument down again.

"A few chords from Mosgovensky," he murmured. "Leave me your address, Mr. Stavansson, and I will report progress to you."

As the visitor left the office, Tuppence grabbed the violin, and, putting it in the cupboard, turned the key in the lock.

"If you must be Sherlock Holmes," she observed, "I'll get you a nice little syringe and a bottle labelled 'Cocaine,' but for God's sake leave that violin alone. If that nice explorer man hadn't been as simple as a child, he'd have seen through you. Are you going on with the Sherlock Holmes touch?"

(Continued on Page 146.)



"Summer Haze"

from a Water Colour Drawing by S. J. M. Brown

*For nearly Fifty years our
Life Buoy Trade Mark has
stood for all that is excellent
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REGD. No. 154011

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This Week's Studdy.



BONZO BUNGLES IT!

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

The Tiger Cat Baulked of Her Prey.



AS SUZANNE AND ANDRÉ : MISS EDITH EVANS AND MR. ARTHUR WONTNER AT THE STRAND.

"Tiger Cats," the play from the French of Karen Bramson, which is now running at the Strand, with Miss Edith Evans in the title-rôle, gives that brilliant actress every chance for the display of her art. Suzanne is the tiger-cat woman who goads her husband to such fury that he attempts to kill her, and then takes her revenge by bringing

him to her feet again. Our photograph shows the moment when Suzanne finds that her prey, André, is slipping from her, and is no longer dominated by her physical charm—a condition which, naturally, infuriates her and makes her sharpen her claws once more and re-establish her power.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]



THE MORNING

FROM THE PICTURE (EXHIBITED IN THE RO



OF LIFE.

AL ACADEMY) BY WALLCOUSINS.

Pinkie Takes a Peep.



AS PINKIE PEACH, OR MME. FRAZELINE, THE BEAUTY SPECIALIST: MISS HEATHER THATCHER IN "PRIMROSE."

Miss Heather Thatcher has a part after her own heart in "Primrose," the new Winter Garden production, in which she appears as Pinkie Peach, the beauty specialist who trades under the name of Mme.

Frazeline. She plays opposite to Mr. Leslie Henson as Toby Mopham, and is as lively, charming, and intelligent as she can be throughout the whole of the piece.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*]

A Quadruple View of France's Most Beautiful Woman.



AURORA GRAND DUCHESS OF LAUTENBURG, IN KOENIGSMARK: Mlle. HUGUETTE DUFLOS.

"Koenigsmark," the new W. and F. film running at the Philharmonic, is based on the novel by Pierre Benoit, and though modern in period and treatment, is based on the mysterious disappearance of Koenigsmark in the days of George I., and shows how, in trying to solve an ancient mystery, the hero finds the secret of an equally strange modern

crime. Mlle. Huguette Duflos, who is the most beautiful woman in France, and a well-known actress from the Comédie Française, is featured in the picture, and takes the rôle of the Grand Duchess of Lautenburg, victim of a loveless marriage and of a tragic love affair.



Mustard for the Bath

Not only to ward off colds in winter but at any time, and particularly after hard outdoor exercise, there is nothing to beat a couple of table-spoonsful of Mustard in your bath.

Nothing else produces quite the same effect, at the same time it soothes the nerves and stimulates the body.

The attractive tin in which Colman's Bath Mustard can now be obtained should find a place in every well-appointed bathroom.

Send us a postcard and a miniature sample tin—an exact replica of the larger size—will be sent you post free.

Messrs. J. & J. COLMAN, Ltd.,
Dept. (3), Carrow Works, Norwich.

(Continued.)

"I flatter myself that I have carried it through very well so far," said Tommy, with some complacency. "The deductions were good, weren't they? I had to risk the taxi. After all, it's the only sensible way of getting to this place."

"It's lucky I had just read the bit about his engagement in this morning's *Daily Mirror*," remarked Tuppence.

"Yes, that looked well for the efficiency of Blunt's Brilliant Detectives. This is decidedly a Sherlock Holmes case. Even you cannot have failed to notice the similarity between it and the disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax."

"Do you expect to find Mrs. Leigh Gordon's body in a coffin?"

"Logically, history should repeat itself. Actually—well, what do you think?"

"Well," said Tuppence, "the most obvious explanation seems to be that for some reason or other Hermy, as he calls her, is afraid to meet her fiancé, and that Lady Susan is backing her up. In fact, to put it bluntly, she's come a cropper of some kind, and has got the wind up about it."

"That occurred to me also," said Tommy. "But I thought we'd better make pretty certain before suggesting that explanation to a man like Stavansson. What about a run down to Malingdon, old thing? And it would do no harm to take some golf clubs with us."

Tuppence agreeing, the Detective and Skilled Inquiry Agency was left in the charge of Albert.

Malingdon, though a well-known residential place, did not cover a large area. Tommy and Tuppence, making every possible inquiry that ingenuity could suggest, nevertheless drew a complete blank. It was as they were returning to London that a brilliant idea occurred to Tuppence.

"Tommy, why did they put Malingdon, Surrey, on the telegram?"

"Because Malingdon is in Surrey, idiot."

"Idiot yourself—I don't mean that. If you get a telegram from—Hastings, say, or Torquay, they don't put the county after it. But from Richmond, they do put Richmond, Surrey. That's because there are two Richmonds."

Tommy, who was driving, slowed up.

"Tuppence," he said affectionately, "your idea is not so dusty. Let us make inquiries at yonder post office."

They drew up before a small building in the middle of a village street. A very few minutes sufficed to elicit the information that there were two Malingdons—Malingdon, Surrey, and Malingdon, Sussex; the latter a tiny hamlet, but possessed of a telegraph office.

"That's it," said Tuppence excitedly. "Stavansson knew Malingdon was in Surrey. So he hardly looked at the word beginning with 'S' after Malingdon."

"To-morrow," said Tommy, "we'll have a look at Malingdon, Sussex."

Malingdon, Sussex, was a very different proposition from its Surrey namesake. It was four miles from a railway station, possessed two public houses, two small shops, a post and telegraph office combined with a sweet and picture-postcard business, and about seven small cottages. Tuppence took on the shops whilst Tommy betook himself to the Cock and Sparrow. They met half-an-hour later.

"Well?" said Tuppence.

"Quite good beer," said Tommy; "but no information."

"You'd better try the King's Head," said Tuppence. "I'm going back to the post office. There's a sour old woman there, but I heard them yell to her that dinner was ready."

She returned to the place, and began examining postcards. A fresh-faced girl, still munching, came out of the back room.

"I'd like these, please," said Tuppence. "And do you mind waiting whilst I just look over these comic ones?"

She sorted through a packet, talking as she did so.

"I'm ever so disappointed you couldn't tell me my sister's address. She's staying near here, and I've lost her letter. Leigh Gordon her name is."

The girl shook her head.

"I don't remember it. And we don't get many letters through here, either—so I probably should if I'd seen it on a letter. Apart from The Grange, there isn't many big houses round about."

"What is The Grange?" asked Tuppence. "Who does it belong to?"

"Doctor Horrison has it. It's turned into a nursing home now. Nerve cases mostly, I believe. Ladies that come down for rest cures, and all that sort of thing. Well, it's quiet enough down here, heaven knows." She giggled.

Tuppence hastily selected a few cards and paid for them.

"That's Doctor Horrison's car coming along now," exclaimed the girl.

Tuppence hurried to the shop door. A small two-seater was passing. At the wheel was a tall dark man with a neat black beard, and a powerful, unpleasant face. The car went straight on down the street. Tuppence saw Tommy crossing the road towards her.

"Tommy, I believe I've got it. Doctor Horrison's Nursing Home."

"I heard about it at the King's Head, and I thought there might be something in it. But if she's had a nervous breakdown, or anything of that sort, her aunt and her friends would know about it, surely."

"Ye-es. I didn't mean that. Tommy, did you see that man in the two-seater?"

"Unpleasant-looking brute. Yes."

"That was Doctor Horrison."

Tommy whistled.

"Shifty-looking beggar. What do you say about it, Tuppence? Shall we go and have a look at The Grange?"

They found the place at last—a big, rambling house, surrounded by deserted grounds, with a swift mill-stream running behind the house.

"Dismal sort of abode," said Tommy. "It gives me the creeps, Tuppence. You know, I've a feeling this is going to turn out a far more serious matter than we thought at first."

"Oh, don't! If only we are in time! That woman's in some awful danger—I feel it in my bones."

"Don't let your imagination run away with you."

"I can't help it. I mistrust that man. What shall we do? I think it would be a good plan if I went and rang the bell alone first, and asked boldly for Mrs. Leigh Gordon, just to see what answer I get. Because, after all, it may be perfectly fair and above board."

Tuppence carried out her plan. The door was opened almost immediately by a man-servant with an impassive face.

"I want to see Mrs. Leigh Gordon, if she is well enough to see me."

She fancied that there was a momentary flicker of the man's eyelashes, but he answered readily enough.

"There is no one of that name here, Madam."

"Oh, surely! This is Doctor Horrison's place, The Grange, is it not?"

"Yes, Madam; but there is nobody of the name of Mrs. Leigh Gordon here."

Baffled, Tuppence was forced to withdraw and hold a further consultation with Tommy outside the gate.

"Perhaps he was speaking the truth. After all, we don't know."

"He wasn't. He was lying. I'm sure of it."

"Wait until the doctor comes back," said Tommy. "Then I'll pass myself off as a journalist anxious to discuss his new system of rest cure with him. That will

give me a chance of getting inside and studying the geography of the place."

The doctor returned about half-an-hour later. Tommy gave him about five minutes, then he in turn marched up to the front door. But he, too, returned baffled.

"The doctor was engaged and couldn't be disturbed. And he never sees journalists. Tuppence, you're right. There's something fishy about this place. It's ideally situated—miles from anywhere. Any mortal thing could go on here, and no one would ever know."

"Come on," said Tuppence with determination.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to climb over the wall, and see if I can't get up to the house quietly without being seen."

"Right. I'm with you."

The garden was somewhat overgrown, and afforded plenty of cover. Tommy and Tuppence managed to reach the back of the house unobserved.

Here there was a wide terrace, with some crumbling steps leading down from it. In the middle some French windows opened on to the terrace, but they dared not step out into the open, and the windows where they were crouching were too high for them to be able to look in. It did not seem as though their reconnaissance would be much use when suddenly Tuppence tightened her grasp of Tommy's arm.

Someone was speaking in the room close to them. The window was open, and the fragment of conversation came clearly to their ears.

"Come in, come in, and shut the door," said a man's voice irritably. "A lady came about an hour ago, you said, and asked for Mrs. Leigh Gordon?"

Tuppence recognised the answering voice as that of the impassive man-servant.

"Yes, Sir."

"You said she wasn't here, of course?"

"Of course, Sir."

"And now this journalist fellow," fumed the other.

He came suddenly to the window, throwing up the sash, and the two outside, peering through a screen of dense bushes, recognised Dr. Horrison.

"It's the woman I mind most about," continued the doctor. "What did she look like?"

"Young, good-looking, and very smartly dressed, Sir."

Tommy nudged Tuppence in the ribs.

"Exactly," said the doctor between his teeth. "As I feared. Some friend of the Leigh Gordon woman's. It's getting very difficult. I shall have to take steps—"

He left the sentence unfinished. Tommy and Tuppence heard the door close. There was silence.

Gingerly, Tommy led a retreat. When they had reached a little clearing not far away, but out of earshot from the house, he spoke.

"Tuppence, old thing, this is getting serious. They mean mischief. I think we ought to get back to town at once and see Stavansson."

To his surprise, Tuppence shook her head.

"We must stay down here. Didn't you hear him say he was going to take steps? That might mean anything."

"The worst of it is we've hardly got a case to go to the police on."

"Listen, Tommy. Why not ring up Stavansson from the village? I'll stay around here."

"Perhaps that is the best plan," agreed her husband. "But, I say—Tuppence—"

"Well?"

"Take care of yourself—won't you?"

"Of course I shall, you silly old thing. Cut along."

It was some two hours later that Tommy returned. He found Tuppence awaiting him near the gate.

(Continued on Page 170.)

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT: No. XLV. "CHARLOT'S



THE UNWELCOME ONE—MISS MAISIE GAY AS "TRUTH" IN "THE FOOL'S PARADISE."



IN THE PERSIAN SCENE OF "MELODY": MR. PETER HADDON AND MISS JULIETTE COMPTON.



YESTERDAY — IN "YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW" MR. MORRIS HARVEY, MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN; MISS MAISIE GAY, AND MR. PETER HADDON.



AN X-RAY DIALOGUE: JULIETTE COMPTON, SYBIL WISE, DEBENHAM, KITTY ATTFIELD, AND

The new production at the Prince of Wales's, "Charlot's Revue," not only has that admirable comédienne, Miss Maisie Gay, in the cast, but Mr. Morris Harvey, Miss Phyllis Monkman, and other excellent artists, and affords many brilliantly amusing scenes, as well as delightful decorations and ballets, and one tragic sketch, "The Pink 'At," in which Miss Phyllis Monkman shows that she is a fine emotional actress as well as a clever revue artist and dancer.—"Karma" is one of the most important numbers, being a ballet in five pictures, written and composed by the well-known musician,

REVUE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.



AS MLE. ASKAFIVA IN "MELODY":
MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN.



IN "KARMA," THE "FANTASTIC EPISODE," BY CYRIL SCOTT: MR. HENRY KENDALL, MISS JULIETTE COMPTON, AND MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN, AS JAHNU, WAJA, AND ULA.



HENRY KENDALL, DOROTHY DOLMAN, MAISIE GAY, DOROTHY LEONARD HENRY (L. TO R.).



TO-DAY—IN "YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW": MR. MORRIS HARVEY, MISS MAISIE GAY, MR. PETER HADDON, AND MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

Mr. Cyril Scott; and "Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow," by Ronald Jeans, is a sketch showing Father, Mother, Son, and Daughter in 1904, 1924, and 1944. Miss Maisie Gay has plenty of scope for the display of her genius for comedy, and has some excellent numbers, including, "Cleo, the Vamp of the Queens." There is a clever sketch by Mr. Noel Coward showing "Gay Paree" in the 'nineties at a cabaret entitled "La Chatte Vierge," in which Miss Maisie Gay and Mr. Morris Harvey are vastly entertaining as La Flamme and Mr. Rupert Shuffebottom; and many other successful scenes.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"THE LOOKING GLASS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

WE came with expectation. One always looks forward to something new in a De Courville revue—a big colour-scheme or a bold scenic invention. But this time there was no magic of that kind; it was a revue *intime*, with here and there a miniature glimpse of Mr. De Courville's imagination—one of them, a charming medallion revealing a young couple at the piano singing a love song as in the good old days of Queen Victoria. In the costumes, too, there were pretty fantasies of cretonne. And at the very beginning there was an astral vision—something to do with Mars—that looked imposing, but went for naught. For the rest—songs, often indifferent; the music in general too facile; capital dances by those most agile twins, Stanley and Bernis, whose parody of Pavlova methods was a find; of gay Espinosa; and of Miss Edith Kelly-Gould, whose limbs are more eloquent than her lips. For the rest—a series of scenes in satirical vein, all of them containing a germ of fun, but spoilt by insufficient rehearsal—therefore, halting interpretation and wearisome expansion. It would be a good thing if revue producers would call in a few experts at the final dress rehearsals to sit in judgment upon these *internizzi* which purport to deride and to satirise. After many rehearsals all concerned would appear to be so imbued with the "stuff" they are trying to get over the footlights that they lose the right focus, and fail to see where fun ends and tedium begins. Nor were the interpreters happily chosen for the occasion. Miss Mabel Green can sing a song nicely, and Miss Clarice Hardwick acts with spirit; but neither of them has the real revue instinct as yet, so on the women's side there was no "star" except Miss Connie Ediss—and one could have wept over her poor opportunities and fragments of past reminiscences. Such an artist should be better employed. The chorus, capitally drilled and marshalled, pleased the eye; but revue demands first-rate solo actors, and these we sought in vain. Even Mr. Harold Petrie, who was a shining light at the Old Vic. last season, remained under the bushel, and his "Wooden Soldier" song—which he acted as well as the leader of the Chauve-Souris—was a rather dismal plaint of the Shakespearean actor who has to seek revue for a living—and, I think, out of place. Mr. Mark Lester works very hard to extract fun from his material; but somehow gaiety was spasmodic on the stage, and on our side laughter broke out by fits and starts, and never for long. That showed that there was something wrong in organisation and mechanism of the revue; perhaps bold strokes of the scythe and a liberal dose of ginger would prove a remedy. But I fear it is a case of pronounced *anæmia*.

J. T. G.

II.

SHAW: A TRIPLE BILL, AT THE REGENT.

I NEVER fail to enjoy Mr. Shaw, and for this relief much thanks. How few dramatists can claim so even a line of success? It matters not whether

we watch the plays that come before or after "Heart-break House," we are certain to get stimulating ideas and good fun. It was, however, at "Heart-break House" that he changed his dramatic direction. He thereafter made laughter his servant instead of his master. He refused to let wit warp the thread of his theme and allowed character to shape its own destiny. In short, he passed from the minor to the major dramatist, and to-day we find ourselves classifying his plays into periods, dating their development and tracing their continuity. He has always been the dramatist of ideas, and these one-act plays—"The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," "The Man of Destiny," and "How He Lied to Her Husband"—which the Macdona Players packed into their triple bill are top full. The little *pièce d'occasion*, "The Dark Lady," is full of point these days, when hopes are bright that Will Shakespeare's boon of Elizabeth to found a National Theatre seems within sight.

Of course, the caricature of a Napoleon explaining

read and seen a good deal of life; Mr. van Druten approaches the stage with the freshness and the impetuosity of youth.

Mr. Williams dips into dope and melodrama; Mr. van Druten dwells in the atmosphere of the Manchester School, and illumines a somewhat drab atmosphere by originality of invention.

Mr. Williams tells the tale of a woman who, to save her husband from drug slavery, takes "snow" with him, and when she finds herself with child, dies *à la* Sarah Bernhardt, in "La Dame aux Camélias." In reality, she would have acted otherwise. For her cure does not only kill, but will incidentally throw back her husband into the tentacles of cocaine. Had he told his story straightforwardly, unencumbered by tract-like rigmaroles, it would perhaps have gripped us. Now we were rather wearied, and we remembered the French saying: "Une pièce en quatre actes trop souvent devient une cataracte." The actors did their best; two little thumbnails—an old lady by

Miss Di Forbes, and a secretly doping Society dame by Miss Gwladys Evan-Morris—together with an arch yet sentimental maid by Miss Marie Dainton, stood out through being very naturally played. Miss Mabel Green as the heroine portrayed her with much feeling, but she forgot sometimes that Shakespeare and modern work demand different methods. All too often she was declamatory, and this emphasised the unreality of the play.

Mr. Williams has some gift for the theatre; what he has to learn is directness and a simple manner of speech.

Mr. van Druten, in "The Return Half," shows us a young man in the throes of storm and stress, with a poetic soul, disdained by his father, who sends him to Australia "to do something." When he suddenly returns he finds himself famous. The girl he loved had kept his verses, and an enterprising newspaper proprietor had created a boom around the work of the young poet who was supposed to have been lost in a shipwreck. This manufactured glory is distasteful to the young man, and after a little misunderstanding—which seems rather unwarranted—he once more sails forth to the Antipodes with the one woman who understood him.

Mr. van Druten's novitiate appears in some of his scenes, which in rightness he would have conducted differently; also in repetition of thoughts already expressed at length. But there is vital stuff in his characters: they talk human language, they are not puppets of the theatre. In the love scene between the shy, wayward boy and the girl who feels that she is his mate there is both heart and soul. And Mr. van Druten has one inestimable quality: he writes well, and his choice of words is both apt and telling.

For the rest, practice will be his teacher; he will, as we did, have felt the faults as well as the qualities of his play. But when all is said, he promises well as a dramatist.

The ex-students served him well under the enthusiastic producer, Miss Henzie Raeburn. John Gielgud gave a capital, well-thought study of the young stormer; Miss Laura Mills was the right girl to be the making of such a man. She happily blended strength of will and character with the fervour of temperament.

J. T. G.



THE ACTRESS-SISTER OF THE BRILLIANT YOUNG ACTRESS WHOSE DEATH WAS SUCH A LOSS TO THE STAGE: MISS EVA ALBANESI.

Miss Eva Albanesi is the sister of the late Miss Meggie Albanesi, whose tragic death was so great a loss to the English stage. Miss Eva Albanesi is now on tour in "Havoc," and is a young actress of whom great things are expected.—[Camera Study by Maurice Beck.]

the English to us was a well-spring of laughter; and Mr. Esme Percy as the Corsican, and Miss Jackson as the lady who riddles him played in the right key. Mr. Shaw never lets an opportunity slip of tilting at Englishmen. Had not Caesar a native Briton for a secretary? And from that remote period to the present, in whatever corner of the Universe he chooses for a setting (remember he has surveyed mankind both on the earth and beneath it—for he includes hell in his map) he is never unmindful of the Englishman, and, make what wry mouths we will, his hits rap home. But what does it matter? So long as the philosopher wears cap and bells he wins "general laughter and good-humour."

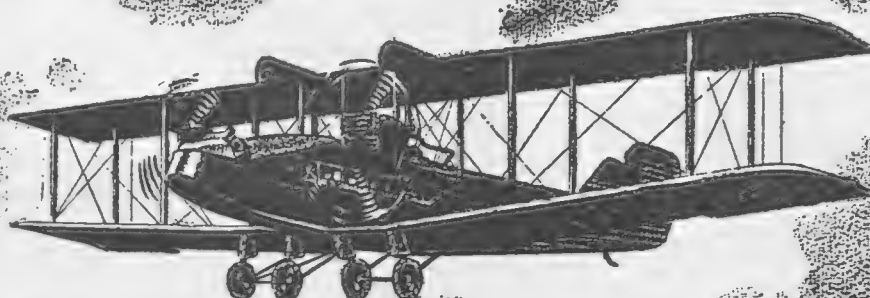
J. T. G.

III.

TWO NEW PLAYWRIGHTS: "THE OCTOPUS," BY E. W. D. COLT-WILLIAMS; "THE RETURN HALF," BY JOHN VAN DRUTEN.

MR. WILLIAMS is a discovery of the Interlude Players; Mr. John van Druten of the R.A.D.A. Club. Mr. Williams is the older of the twain, and has

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Songsters and Dancers of Playtime, at the Piccadilly.



WITH TWO OF THE GIRLS: MISS ZELIA RAYE, OF THE PICCADILLY REVELS.



IN THE GRETCHEN NUMBER: MISS MIMI JORDAN AND MISS NANCY BARNETT.



THE DELIGHTFUL ITALIAN SINGER OF THE PICCADILLY REVELS: SIGNORINA GIANNINA DORIA.



IN THE HOTTENTOT TROT: MISS LILIAN BOND, ONE OF THE PICCADILLY REVEL GIRLS.

The Piccadilly Revels, or Playtime at the Piccadilly, offers a splendid evening entertainment, both in the restaurant after dinner, and later on in the ball-room before the general company begins to dance. Our page shows Signorina Giannina Doria, the attractive Italian who gives

a delightful selection from her repertoire of Italian, Spanish, French and English songs; and Miss Zelia Raye, who arranged the dances and leads the girls in several numbers; as well as three of "the Girls," who appear in frocks designed by Dolly Tree.

Films of the Moment: No. XXVI. "The Sea Hawk."



A NAVAL BATTLE OF THE PAST: THE MOORISH GALLEY IN ACTION.



ROUNDING THE BEND BEFORE THE BATTLE: A SPECIALLY BUILT SHIP OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DESIGN.



NEARER AND NEARER: THE SPANISH AND MOORISH GALLEYS ENGAGED IN BATTLE.

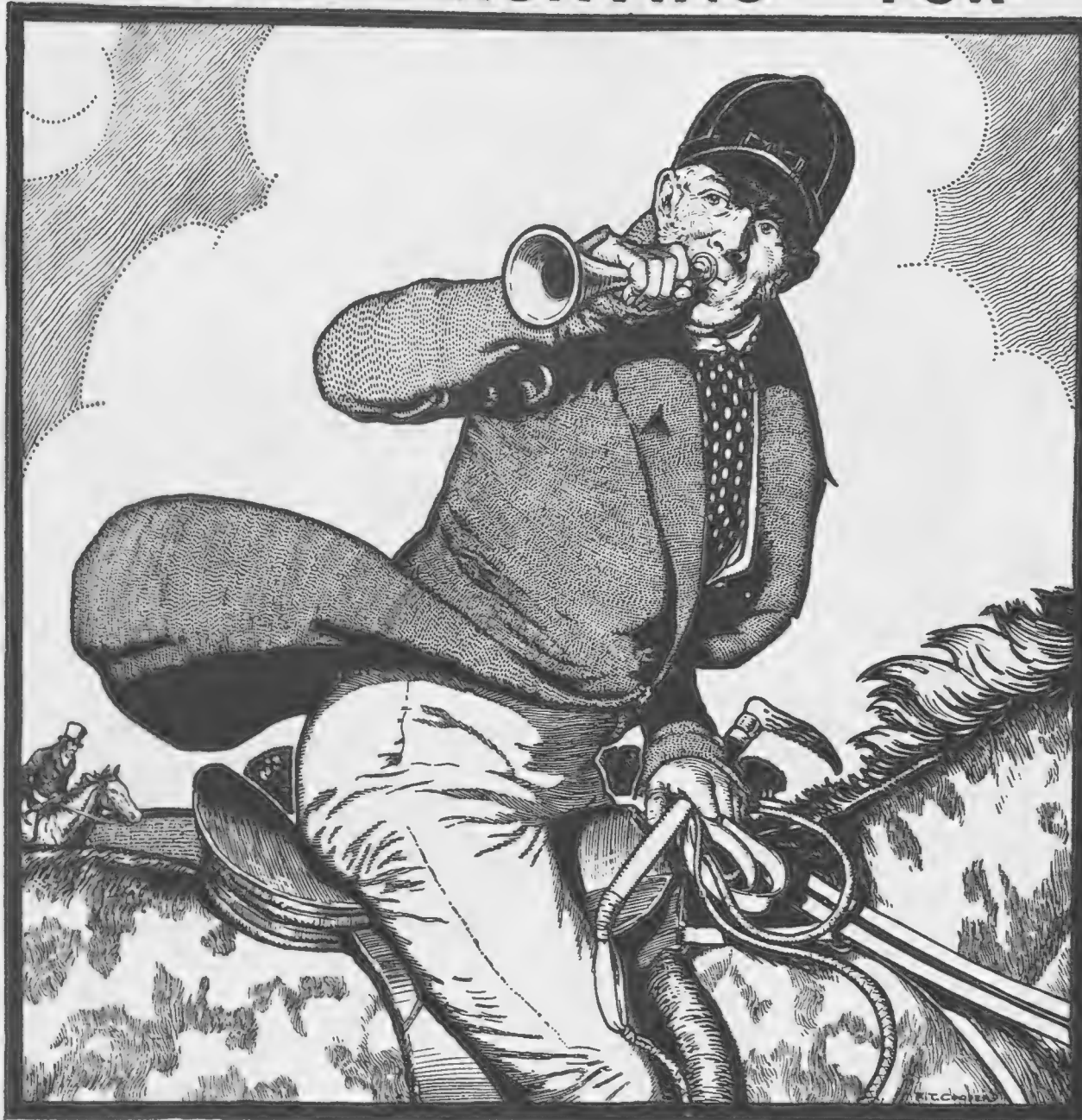


MOVING OFF: THE SPANISH GALLEY PUTS TO SEA BEFORE MEETING THE MOORISH VESSEL.

"The Sea Hawk," the remarkable First National picture to be given at the Albert Hall to-morrow, Oct. 16, is a romantic film, featuring a pirate chief of the Barbary Coast as its hero. The story is by Rafael Sabatini, and Mr. Milton Sills takes the leading rôle, playing opposite to Miss

Enid Bennett. The story is a complicated one, and opens in England, subsequently being played out on the high seas, and giving naval battles of the sixteenth century and other unusual scenes. The vessels of ancient design were specially constructed for the picture.

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The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

"Memoirs of the Foreign Legion." This is a curious kind of book. I found it intensely interesting, but I doubt whether it will appeal to a very large public. It is not sensational, or salacious, or melodramatic, but it is extremely human, and revealing withal.

The volume has one title, but is really in two parts. The second part, consisting of some two hundred pages (printed in that exquisite type which some publishers achieve and others don't), is written by an anonymous person, since dead, who is known throughout merely as M—. Why his full name should not be given is a mystery.

He tells, in a lucid, unaffected, straightforward manner, the story of his experiences as a soldier in the Foreign Legion. I will deal with that portion of the book in due course.

The first part of the volume, running to one hundred pages, is an elaborate "Introduction" to the book from the clever pen of Mr. D. H. Lawrence. And this first part is what makes the volume, I should imagine, unique.

There is nothing new in publishing a man's life-work after he is dead. And there is nothing new in getting some well-known author, probably a friend of the deceased, to write an Introduction, in which the public are told something about the personality of the dead author, and are usually urged to approach his work in a friendly and admiring spirit.

Allow Me to Introduce— This is the way in which

Mr. Lawrence carries out his part of Introducer—

"Oh, M— is a prime hypocrite. How loudly he rails against the Boches! How great is his enthusiasm for the pure, the spiritual Allied cause. Just so long as he is in Africa, and it suits his purpose! His scorn for the German tendencies of the German legionaries: even Count de R. secretly leans towards Germany. 'Blood is thicker than water,' says our hero glibly. Some blood, thank God. Apparently not his own. For, according to all showing, he was, by blood, pure German: father and mother—even Hohenzollern blood!!! Pure German! Even his speech, his mother-tongue, was German and not English! And then the little mongrel—!"

"But perhaps something happens to blood when once it has been taken to America.

"And then, once he is in Valbonne, lo, what a change! Where now is sacred France and the holy Allied Cause? Where is our hero's fervour? It is worse than Bel-Abbès! Yes, indeed, far less human,

more hideously cold. One is driven by very rage to wonder if he was really a spy, a German spy whom Germany cast off because he was no good.

"The little gentleman! God damn his white-blooded gentility. The legionaries must have been gentlemen, that they didn't kick him every day to the lavatory and back.

"You are a journalist?" said the Colonel.

"No, a *littérateur*," said M— perkily.

"That is something more?" said the Colonel.

"Oh, I would have given a lot to have seen and heard it. The *littérateur*! Well, I hope this book will establish his fame as such. I hope the editor, if it gets one, won't alter any more of the marvellous staggering sentences and the joyful French mistakes. The *littérateur*!—the impossible little pigeon!"



THE KING'S TWO GRANDCHILDREN: A GROUP AT GOLDSBOROUGH HALL, SHOWING THE EARL OF HAREWOOD, VISCOUNT LASCELLES, AND THE HON. EDWARD LASCELLES (BACK); AND THE COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD, THE HON. GEORGE HENRY HUBERT LASCELLES, PRINCESS MARY (HOLDING THE HON. GERALD DAVID LASCELLES), AND THE HON. MRS. EDWARD LASCELLES.

This family group, showing Princess Mary with her two little boys, was taken at Goldsbrough Hall, after the christening of the Hon. Gerald David Lascelles. The Earl and Countess of Harewood are the parents of Viscount Lascelles, and the Hon. Edward Lascelles is Viscount Lascelles's brother. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles was formerly Miss Joan Eleanor Campbell Balfour.—(Photograph by C.N.)

Suicide.

This introduction was written after the luckless M— had taken his own life on account of poverty. Mr. Lawrence tells us that he met him in Florence, lived in the same boarding-house with him, ate with him, drank with him, and lent him money. So he must have known the man very well.

But we, who never met him, who never saw him in the flesh—the only real way to get to understand a man—can merely judge him by the book he left behind, and by the fact that, at a comparatively early age, he took his own life.

Of all the reasons men have for taking their own lives, the saddest, it seems to me, is poverty. Poverty is a curable thing. It is so easily curable when there is so much money in the world, and so much display, and so much waste, and so much self-indulgence. One rich man could have saved this poor little fellow from a suicide's grave. One rich man could have established him in comfort, and given him another chance to make good.

A man may commit suicide because he has lost somebody without whom life is not worth living. Well, that is irreparable. Nobody can help him out of that trouble.

Or he may commit suicide because he is suffering from some dreadful and incurable disease. Nobody can help him there, either.

But, whatever he may have been, suicide because he is hounded into a corner by creditors must always stir the compassionate heart.

"Mr. M—," said the local paper, "had been staying for some months on the island [Malta] studying the language and the conditions, with a view to writing a book. It is understood that financial difficulties were the cause of this lamentable event."

He had not a friend in the world—not one.

Even his Introducer moderates his tone before we reach the end of the Introduction:

"Even the dead," he reflects, "ask only for justice; not for praise or exoneration. Who dares humiliate the dead with excuse for their living? I hope I may do M— justice; and I hope his restless spirit may be appeased. I do not try to forgive. The living blood knows no forgiving. Only the overweening spirit takes on itself to dole out forgiveness."

I beg leave to interrupt and say that this is nonsense. A very much greater Personage than Mr. Lawrence expounded for all time the difficult thesis of forgiveness. Forgiveness, maybe, is not a voluntary act. You cannot say to yourself, "So-and-so has treated me very badly, but I will forgive him, because that is the proper thing to do. I hereby forgive him." I don't quite

follow how that can be done. But the point, I take it, is this: if the mood of forgiveness presents itself, then the man of noble mind will not resist that mood. Or is that all wrong also?

"But Justice," he continues, "is a sacred human right. The overweening spirit pretends to perch above justice. But I am a man, not a spirit, and men with blood that throbs and throbs and throbs can only live at length by being just, can only die in peace if they have justice. Forgiveness gives the whimpering dead no rest. Only deep, true justice."

(Continued overleaf.)

Continued.

Incidentally, the dead do not whimper. That is literary phrase-making, to tickle flabby ears.

Life in the Legion. So much for the Introduction. However this book got into print, and, whatever the Introducer of it may think of its author, it seems to me to present a realistic,



THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE ACTRESS-DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN LAWYER: MISS NANCY ATKIN, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. J. D. TRUSTRAM EVE.

Miss Nancy Atkin is the fourth daughter of Lord Justice and Lady Atkin, and has begun to make her name on the stage, having recently appeared in the Little Revue and other productions. Her engagement to Mr. J. D. Trustram Eve, second son of Sir Herbert and Lady Trustram Eve, has just been announced.—(Photograph by Hay Wrightson.)

somewhat over-coloured, but well-drawn picture of life in that mysterious, romantic, almost secret regiment known as the Foreign Legion.

Everybody has heard, from time to time, of the Foreign Legion. Everybody has heard of men who, bowled over by Fate, or Fortune, or some private misdeed, have disappeared and joined the Foreign Legion. And now and again, happy to relate, one of these men comes back, purged, shining with honours won in the field, and ready to take his place once again in the world to which he belongs.

Why the unfortunate M—— joined the Legion we are not told. He was a dapper little man, apparently, rather effeminate, fond of luxury, loathing dirt, and hardship, and privation. And yet he flung himself into the Foreign Legion during the Great War. Why? He must have had some very powerful motive. However, that is not our concern. The point is that he did it, and hated it, and deserted, and wrote this very illuminating document.

Personally, I like the way he writes. Having a story to tell, he tells it simply, without literary frills. Oh, the relief of getting away from literary frills! There is a vogue, just now, for frills in writing. Many of our young novelists have fallen for it. The word and the phrase are what they worship, forgetting that the greatest stylists who have ever lived never used an abstruse or showy word when they could find a simple one. Let us glance at M——'s description of his Captain.

Placed in Authority.

"Captain B—— was the name of our captain, commonly called 'the Telephone Captain,' or 'Captain Hallo-Hallo.' During the Gallipoli campaign he was usually in the line of the second or third trenches, and whenever he thought his life was in danger he fled to a telephone-booth and found it necessary to telephone. He was a Corsican, medium in height, with long, Kaiser-like moustaches, trying to look important, but on closer examination the air of importance was an actor's mask; he had a weak, sensual mouth, and a receding chin. He was a typical bully, who is always a coward. He shouted and shrieked at everyone, thinking that necessary, in his position of captain; he could not be civil if he tried, only when he was with the Colonel, and then he wasn't civil, but seductively sweet, like a woman of the streets trying to gain her point. He had been a common soldier, working himself up to sergeant, and then, for some inexplicable reason, he was made captain just before the Gallipoli campaign, where he proved such bravery!"

That seems to tick off, rather neatly, Captain B——. It may not be great writing, it may not be "literature," but it does give you a very life-like portrait, and, more than that, it depicts a recognisable type to be found in any walk of life. Not so bad, after all, for an amateur.

M——, as I have recorded, deserted and made good his escape from the Legion. You may say, in your mighty way, that was a despicable act. But let me assure you that the story of his desertion is very well done indeed. It is so well done that you believe in it, and you feel with the narrator of the adventure, and you find yourself hoping, almost as much as he did, that he will escape.

No man can do that unless he has talent with the pen. It is often said that every man has one good book inside

him if he would only write it. That is a mistake. Every man has one good book inside him if he *could* only write it—which is different by one letter.

If M—— had lived and continued to write, he would have established himself in the world of letters. I am sorry he did not, if only because he was not a frill-merchant.

"The Valley of Desire." "How tall he was, how broad, how lithe, how bronzed his features, how dark his eyes, how black his coarse hair, how white were his teeth, how perfect the cut of his rough tweeds!"

That was the hero.

"Her graceful curved hips were caressed by her pink cotton skirt as the wind whistled around them. Her bared arms were brown, shapely and strong, her hands small but capable, and her face that wonderful mountain-bred face, with the fearless grey-blue eyes. He liked the contour of her throat, and her mouth . . . inviting and . . ."

That was the heroine.

Both being Welsh, it was only right they should meet on the top of a mountain. He said:

"By Jove, you are too damned beautiful to be out here by yourself."

To which she replied:

"Beautiful! Well, indeed, you

are the first man who has ever called me that."

What more can you want? I am not surprised that Edith Nepean "more than holds her position in the front line of contemporary Welsh novelists." It seems hardly fair on the others, if it comes to that, to start off with two such perfect people on the top of a mountain. And there's a picture of the lady on the wrapper with her eyes shut and her arms outstretched!

What a poster for the L.M.S. next summer!

"Sunward." I took up this book with the keenest anticipations of pleasure. It is bound in sunlight, and wrapped in sunlight, and we are promised sketches of travel describing a journey from the Alps through Italy to Messina and the promise of Sicily.

In the spring of this year I covered the same ground precisely. Joy! I filled my pipe with care, sat back, and began.

But what was this?

"I should—oh, nothing less—I should sleep with my window shut that night. I fell back against my bed-post as Herostratus may have done when the idea first came to him of burning down the Artemision. But I would go further. I would resolutely eat nothing that was good for me for seven days and seven nights. I would eschew the sapless virtuousness of milk, the prurient self-righteousness of eggs."

I laid the volume down. Herostratus was the fellow, you will remember, who set fire to the temple of Artemis in order to get himself talked about.

Quite. (But the binding really is lovely.)

Memoirs of the Foreign Legion. By M. M. (Secker; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Valley of Desire. By Edith Nepean. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d. net.)

Sunward. By Louis Golding. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d. net.)



FAIRY-STORY WRITER AND GOLFER: MISS DOROTHY LEON, WHO PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT AGAINST MISS CECIL LEITCH IN THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

Miss Dorothy Leon, the young Oxhey player, put up a good fight against Miss Cecil Leitch, whom she met in the second round of the English Ladies' Close Championship at Cooden Beach. Miss Leitch was four up at the eighth hole, when Miss Leon won the next three, and was only defeated by 3 and 1, after the ex-champion had played some of her finest golf. Miss Leon writes fairy stories.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.



"A SATISFACTION for every soul." For one, the mashie shot that clears the rough and lays you dead at the pin—for another, the forehand drive which just clears the net—for yet another the clean "right and left" that brings a brace to the bag.

And for all of us there's the satisfaction of being well-dressed—correctly hatted for the occasion.

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Romance of Golf-Course Construction.

By R. Endersby Howard.

Imagination and Machinery.

The other day I met one of the leading members of a profession which is almost entirely a creation of the past twenty years—the profession of golf-course construction. To be sure, golf-courses have had to be made ever since the game first came to be played, but until recent times the process was just about as primitive as marking out ground and sticking up goal-posts for football matches. Tee-boxes were deposited in eighteen places to denote teeing grounds, the grass was cut in eighteen small areas to provide putting greens in some sort of relation to the teeing grounds, low earthen ramparts were erected at intervals to act as hazards, and the job was done. In 1890, Tom Morris estimated the average cost at £200. Modern course construction is a triumph of imagination and machinery, landscape gardening, and the means of altering the land in a way that could hardly be done by hand.

Removing a Wood.

I suppose that the cost of making a modern course may be set down at anything from £5000 to £20,000, although the site has to be particularly favourable if the expenditure is to be kept down to the smaller sum. Even the public courses, which are usually constructed with an eye to economy rather than elegance, are costing more than that nowadays. Where thousands of trees have to be removed, as is often the case, the outlay is bound to be heavy. In the remodelling of the Royal Wimbledon course, which was opened in its new form recently, with a match between the home club and the Oxford and Cambridge Society, a vast wood had to be cleared away, so as to provide scope for extension. The work was done in the remarkably short period of six weeks. It would never have been attempted in the old days; the use of traction-engines alone has made it possible.

Tree-Felling Up to Date.

These traction-engines can go anywhere, and sometimes they meet with adventures. When the new course at Sunning-

pieces of fairway on the occasion of the opening of Royal Wimbledon's new course the other day was the long sweep leading to the fourth hole—a hole of 410 yards with a plateau green. It was firm and springy, in spite of this year's torrents of rain. Mr. C. D. Harris, who made the course, told me that when he first inspected this site about twelve months ago it was sheer morass—so soft that nobody could walk safely on it, and planks had to be put down end to end to afford a foothold. Drains were installed from seventeen to twenty feet below the surface, and the ground is now perfectly sound, although just off the fairway the marshy nature of the land is as pronounced as ever. Indeed, anything now seems to be possible in the way of draining boggy ground so as to make it adaptable for golf. In the old days, only a few courses boasted such treatment, although St. Andrews must have had it from time immemorial. In a talk I had last week with Mr. Edward Blackwell, he said that drains had been dug up there of which even Old Tom Morris knew nothing—and the latter began his association with this course of his native city very soon after he



THE ENGLISH LADIES' CLOSE CHAMPIONSHIP: A GROUP OF COMPETITORS AT COODEN BEACH.

The weather was not kind to the competitors in the English Ladies' Close Championship at Cooden Beach last week, and the early rounds were played in storms of wind and rain. Miss Joyce Wethered met

Miss Cecil Leitch in the sixth round, the result of this most interesting duel between the two foremost woman players of the day being a win for Miss Wethered by 4 and 3. In the final she met Miss Fowler.

Berlin's New Course.

This constructor told me of his programme for the immediate future. He was starting the next morning for Brussels to superintend the work on a golf-course there. Then he was going on to Paris to attend to another course, and from Paris on to Cannes to put the finishing touches to the new centre of the game which Lord Derby and his friends have instituted on the Riviera. From Cannes he was going to make his way to Berlin—for it seems that the Germans have taken up golf again, and decided, for a start, to spend £10,000 in English money on a course about fifteen miles from Berlin. When the English constructor was approached by a German golfer who came to this country to discuss the subject, he quoted a very high fee for his services, because the undertaking meant the making of several journeys to Berlin. His figure was accepted without demur, and it appears that the Germans are going to have a truly first-class course as a distraction from their impetuosity—dry all the year round, and possessing, like the famous greens of Surrey and Berkshire, a wealth of pines and silver birch to lend enchantment to the scene.

dale was being made, one of them sank in a few minutes up to the top of its wheels in bog-land. Fortunately, it came to a stratum firm enough to support it at that stage, but half-a-day had to be spent in digging a road at a steady slope from the bottom of the wheels to the ground-level, in order to enable the monster to climb out of its hole. In the days of hand-felling it was a big business to remove one large tree from the line of play. Now, with two traction-engines at work, a whole wood disappears very quickly. Gangs of men dig up the soil round the roots of the timber, and as they finish with each tree a hawser is tied round the trunk and attached to the traction-engine. There is a "Toot! toot!" the traction-engine moves forward, and down comes the tree—to be dragged further by the engine to its appointed resting-place. I forget how many trees were removed in the making of the Swinley Forest course; I believe the number was something like 10,000.

Converted Quagmires.

Draining and the building-up of greens are other remarkable features of present-day construction. One of the finest

was born, over a hundred years ago. They were drains, too, that had become a menace to the links; they were silted up with red sand, and, until their discovery, St. Andrews was apt to be almost unplayable for some time after a heavy fall of rain.

Rocks and Rhododendrons.

One of the most difficult tasks has been the making of the new municipal course at Aberdeen, which will shortly be ready for play. The site literally bristled with large pieces of rock, half-buried in the ground, which had to be removed before the land could be sown. A problem of another kind was presented in the construction of the Coombe Hill course, in Surrey, for there the whole place was neither more nor less than a forest of rhododendrons, which flourished at such a height that the men were lost to view in the process of clearing the ground, and a system of signalling by whistle had to be instituted for the purpose of conveying messages. By comparison with these undertakings, the carving of courses through heather and bracken, as at Sunningdale and Walton Heath, must have been simple.

Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

PRESUMABLY, the ultimate result of a Rugger match (which usually has to be reckoned at its conclusion by the preponderance in points which one side can show over the other) is of some importance to the teams concerned. Or, to put it in another way, probably a club likes to be able to write on the fixture-card a larger number of points under "For" than "Against"; and at the end of a season to find a greater figure under "W." than "L." If our premises are correct, then all those (players and spectators alike) who were privileged to be present at the Richmond Athletic Ground recently, when the Harlequins and Scottish were opponents, must have been impressed by the truth of those beautiful words of the poet: "The little more, and how much it is!" I have been wondering ever since how it happened—for one knows that William Wavell Wakefield is a man who has practically left out nothing in his careful study of the science of Rugger. The art of the scrum he has reduced to such a fine point that if there is a forward in it who is not shoving as he should, or the ball isn't being "got" often enough, he will detect the cause. It is not unlikely that a missing stud on the off-side boot (or shall we say near-side, to avoid confusion of terms?) of the middle man in the front row has been discovered by "Wakers" to be the whole cause of the pack being thrown out of balance, and unable,



NEPIA, the ALL BLACK
FULL BACK.



LONDON SCOTTISH V. HARLEQUINS:
A Check on COUTTS.

won by the score of 13 points to 11. We had, oddly enough, a direct contrast in the art of the place kick which followed shortly after the try between the posts for the Harlequins. For the London Scottish scored within a yard of the corner flag, and R. R. Millar (the Army and Scotland three-quarter), from this difficult angle, kicked a most perfect goal.

There were those who said that the Harlequins should have won the match, because Wakefield's kick unluckily hit the post, and Millar's from such an angle was full of good fortune. Apart from any difference which the non-conversion or conversion of tries made, there was no gainsaying the fact that the Scottish side deserved their win. It was the superb work of their forwards that dominated the game and gave them, their victory.

In the loose they were always dangerous, breaking away with the ball at their feet, and nipping in the bud by their deadly tackling any attempt on the part of the Harlequins' backs to get going. The game therefore

resolved itself into the type which gave little chance to the International quality of the three-quarters which each side possessed. I have been much struck by the excellent series of articles which is appearing in *Rugby Football* under the title of "The Public School Manual of Rugby Football," written by R. M. Rayner, of the Nautical College, Pangbourne. In dealing with the principles of forward play, he speaks of ball-control as follows: "We all know the type of forward who would be a very fine footballer if there were no ball in the game—that is to say, he is an honest grafter in the 'tight,' rushes about the field with the utmost keenness and energy; but when his opportunity of doing something with the ball comes along, he is helpless. If it comes to his hands he drops it, and if it comes to his feet he hacks it on ten yards. He is a dear, good fellow, and we are all very fond of him, but we do not want him in our pack." I cannot help thinking that there was at least one of these "dear good fellows" in the Quins' pack against the Scottish. Their attempt to use their feet in the loose showed that they had not the knack of keeping possession of the ball, but hacked it on disastrously quite ten yards.

Their tackling was only lukewarm. Last season their forwards were "hot stuff," and they miss the Currie that then flavoured them. But the season is yet young, and Wakefield's personality and captaincy will surely remedy the present defects of the pack.

What a nasty smack in the eye the all-conquering All Blacks gave the Leicester club! Hopes were raised by Newport's fine performance two days previously, when they lost by only three points, with a score against them of 13-10. Our visitors now have a series of county matches to play. These county teams, being mainly



R. K. MILLAR,
London
SCOTTISH.

scratch teams, serve little purpose as a test of the New Zealanders' quality. Perhaps, after Ireland have met them on Nov. 1, we shall be better able to judge our own chances at Twickenham on Jan. 3.



W. H. ANDERSON,
London Scottish
Touch Judge.

tional, and erstwhile Light Blue captain—to wit, Hamilton-Wickes) had crossed the Scottish territory, bearing with him the inflated, non-spherical essential. It was an ideal example of a try from beginning to end. It started somewhere in mid-field. Using his elusive qualities with rare judgment to evade a host of opponents, and swerving past the full-back, the run concluded through the posts, and the ball was



The Dining Room at Cawdor Castle.

The Legend of Cawdor Castle

MANY centuries ago, so legend says, there lived a Scottish Thane who, having amassed the wherewithal to build a castle could not decide upon its site. In his perplexity he sought the counsel of a "wise woman," who said, "Pack your treasure upon an ass and let the animal go its own way. Wherever the ass halts, there you must build."

Thus, we are told, was chosen the site for Cawdor Castle, south-west of Nairn. And perhaps it was this strange legend which brought Cawdor to Shakespeare's notice when he selected it as the scene for "Macbeth."

Haphazardly perhaps the site may have been chosen, but it was not so with the design of the building. Cawdor Castle was built strictly to the standard demanded by the turbulent times of feud and foray: the grey walls and rounded turrets bear that grim aspect typical of a mediæval Scottish fortress. The ancient interior, too, shows evidence of the same stern character in its oak panelling and tapestry, modified somewhat by the modelled plaster ceilings and carven fireplaces.

The hand of Time has rested lightly on these masterpieces of forgotten craftsmen; for Time, so ruthless to the inferior, emphasises the merits of the superior. A striking example of this tendency is found in John Haig Scotch Whisky, which for nearly three hundred years has grown steadily in favour with those who want the very best.



A Renaissance Cabinet showing "planted arch" design and inlaid panels.

Dye Ken.
John Haig?

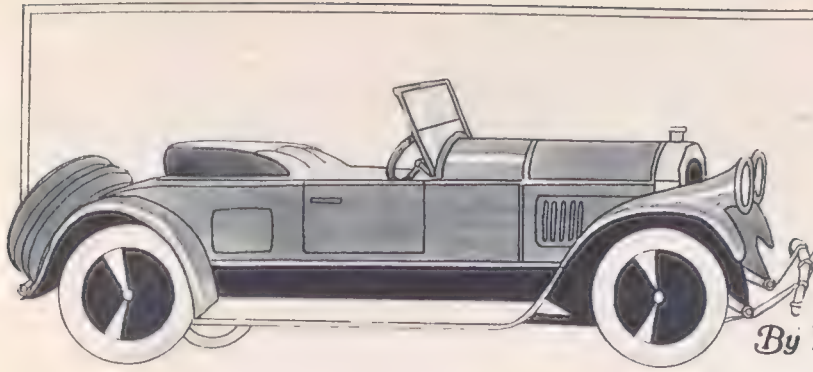


By Appointment.

Outfits for the Winter Sports.



Impenetrable by wind and snow are these practical ski-ing outfits built by Aquascutum, of 126, Regent Street, W. They are carried out in this firm's famous Aquascutum cloth, which is ideal for all winter sports.



WOMAN'S WAYS.

By MABEL HOWARD.

Lessons Learned at Dress Parades.

Dress shows, elaborate and simple, have been my daily portion during the past few weeks, and at last I have found a moment's leisure in which to marshal my scattered impressions. Frankly, I can offer little consolation to those who are not endowed with a figure as slim and straight as an arrow, for skirts are shorter, frocks are tighter, and the silhouette is more slender than before. On these points every *couturier* is uncompromisingly firm! The great feature of the season is, of course, the long, straight tunic, worn with an underskirt of a contrasting material. In tailored coat frocks, it is carried out with great effect in black repp or kasha, slit sometimes at the sides or in a deep "V" back and front, revealing an underskirt of brilliant plaid. Then a gay scarf to match, and lines of tiny buttons—

for above all things must one display at least twenty or thirty of these domestic accessories. They are as prevalent as the autumn leaves, and I tremble to think that they, too, may strew the ground with devastating frequency!

When not swathed round the neck, it was allowed to fall as a narrow side train. Many are attached from the shoulders, and a few are quite separate, but these are chiefly designed for black frocks in order to allow frequent changes of colour-schemes. As for the frocks themselves, the tunic still predominates. Slightly more flaring than in the daytime, it is frequently hemmed with fur, beautifully dyed to the exact shade of the frock, or edged with ruchings of looped ribbons. Another fascinating variation is a border of large appliquéd flowers in wonderful tissues and velvets.

Chipmunk and Broadtail.

Long coats are either quite plain or straight at the back, and circular in front. The ultra-fashionable models—which are, alas! quite fabulous in price—are carried out in broadtail; but a compromise has been effected by



A chic autumn toilette from Paris which may be studied at Marshall and Snelgrove's. The perfectly tailored coat and skirt is carried out in pepper-and-salt worsted suiting, and is completed with a neat silk shirt and tie, a square-crowned felt hat, and a cane of varnished hazelwood.

Two fascinating little hats from Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, W. Beech-brown stitched velvet, swathed with a long scarf of georgette trimmed with fur, makes the one above, and nigger suede cloth with a mount of ostrich feathers the model on the right. (See page 168.)

Whimsical Treatments of the Scarf.

Like "Alice in Wonderland," the scarf has suddenly grown surprisingly long and narrow, instead of remaining in its former handkerchief proportions. No evening frock is complete without one, and there is quite an art in manipulating it in numbers of original ways. One stately mannequin had deftly pinned hers—a diaphanous affair of shaded chiffon—tight round the neck just under the chin, so that it floated over her neck and shoulders like the draperies of a Madonna's robe. Another charming frock of coral georgette had a scarf to match springing from the hip!

the creation of broadtail cloth, which is almost as striking and much more accessible. Equally attractive, in my opinion, are the supple coats in the new corded silk, trimmed with leopard or imitation chinchilla. But for really hard service—which to most of us is an essential point in these days—ribbed velour, kasha, and suede cloth trimmed with civet cat, opossum, or moleskin are very much in vogue. The striking black-and-gold effect of chipmunk, too, discreetly introduced in narrow bands and pockets, decorates many of the season's most successful creations, and short coats are expressed entirely in this fur.

Nigger velour with a double collar of fur expresses this useful coat and skirt from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.

Autumn Suits for Town and Country.

Well-groomed women are becoming more and more critical of the general cut and tailoring of their coats and skirts. Those sketched on this page, however, cannot fail to appeal to the most exacting taste, for they are simple, distinctive, and perfectly tailored. The toilette above, which comes straight from Paris, is carried out in pepper-and-salt worsted suiting and is distinctly "mannish," with its white silk shirt and black tie, a square-crowned black felt hat, and a tasselled cane of varnished hazelwood. These canes, by the way, are varnished in many soft colours, and cost one guinea at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., who are also responsible for the two suits. The second model, in warm velour, with a double fur collar, is only 6½ guineas, while coats and skirts made to measure range from 12½ guineas. I was shown a fascinating three-piece sports suit, quite new, comprising a long straight tunic fastened by two large buttons, an underskirt, and a long wrap coat. In plain light-weight velour effectively woven with wide stripes here and there, the suit ranges from 11½ guineas complete. Another novelty not to be missed are the high-necked jumper suits in velveteen, available for 6½ guineas. A long line of buttons runs from neck to hem, and another borders the well-fitting jumper, which is delightfully warm for chilly October days.

[Continued overleaf.]

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Motoring and Other Hats.

The present vogue for small hats and long scarves seems to have been specially created for ardent motorists. For the captivating little hat pictured on the left of page 167 can be worn equally well in town or country. Made of beech-brown stitched velvet, it is swathed with a long scarf of georgette trimmed with fur, floating from a brightly coloured ornament. It was created by Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, W., who is also responsible for the second model in nigger suede cloth, with a mount of ostrich feathers. There are numbers of this firm's distinctive models in hatter's plush and felt available for 30s., and hats can be made to order in any desired shape and colouring from 29s. 6d. upwards.

The Motorist's Complexion.

I think most people will agree with me that motor-ing is never more delightful than now, when the countryside is painted with the soft brown and russet tints of autumn. But let the too ardent motorist beware, for the keen October winds have a fatal effect on delicate complexions. The skin becomes chapped and rough in a very few hours unless it is well protected. It is a simple matter, however, to take the precaution of investing in a jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream, which keeps the complexion smooth and velvety. That strained look which, alas! characterises so many enthusiasts will be avoided, leaving the complexion fresh and clear after the longest day. To complete the good work, a little Pond's Cold Cream, massaged nightly into the skin, will stimulate the pores and tissues. Both creams are



Windy autumn days can be faced with equanimity when the skin is protected by Pond's Vanishing Cream, which keeps the complexion fresh and beautiful.

obtainable from all chemists and stores in 1s. 3d. or 2s. 6d. jars, and in collapsible tubes (price 7½d.) which fit conveniently into the handbag.

Practical Outfits for Motorist.

Motoring is an uncomfortably chilly pastime on fine October days, however, unless one is armed with really windproof wraps. An outfit from Gamage's, Holborn, E.C., is a sure method of protection, and it was there the well-built leather coat pictured on this page was sketched. Made in tan leather, it is double-breasted and lined with fleece. Despite these virtues, the price is only £5 5s., and the outfit is completed by a cosy fur-lined leather helmet costing 12s. 6d. The leather gauntlet gloves, lined with fleece, can be obtained at prices ranging from 10s. 6d. upwards. To counteract the inevitable draught which seems to swirl about one's feet, Gamage's have designed comfortable overboots which slip on easily over ordinary shoes like a snowboot. They are 22s. 9d. a pair, while motor gaiters can be secured for 16s. 6d. A useful long-sleeved waistcoat in tan leather to wear under a coat will change ownership for 1 guinea. Enthusiasts will find a wealth of valuable information in the brochure issued by this firm entitled, "Everything for the Motorist." It will be sent post free on request.

New Fashions in Furs.

A Motorist's Number would scarcely be complete without mentioning furs, and pictured on this page is a desirable wrap-coat in beaver coney, sketched at the Wholesale Fur Company, 12, Conduit Street, W. It is lined throughout with broché, and may be purchased for 28 guineas. I saw also in these salons long coats of natural musquash ranging from 23 guineas, and short ones of beaver coney for 8 guineas. A beautiful moleskin cape, really suitable for day or evening wear, is priced at 39 guineas. Judging from many dress shows I have seen, a strong attempt is being made to revive the vogue for carrying muffs this winter, and the

Wholesale Fur Company are offering wide stoles of the fashionable black and white civet cat, ranging from 8 guineas, with muffs to match available from 3½ guineas. The ensemble is decidedly attractive, and will enhance any coat or suit with which it is worn. As for fox stoles, they can be obtained from 3 guineas upwards; and those of bear, which are very much in vogue at the moment, are only 65s.

A Brochure of Autumn Fashions.

The newest frocks, wraps, and fashionable accessories at prices to suit every pocket are illustrated in the catalogue just issued by Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., and I advise every reader to apply for a copy without delay. It will be sent gratis and post free. Amongst its pages are included well-tailored coats of velour trimmed with fur for £5 18s. 6d.; and a fur-lined model collared with natural opossum is priced at 11½ guineas. In the Inexpensive Salon, where nothing over 6 guineas is allowed a place, there are numbers of delightful frocks for afternoon and evening both for débutantes and the older woman; while in the Small Woman's Salon a graceful afternoon frock of satin beauté trimmed with silk fringe is available for 9 guineas; and a dance frock in plissé georgette hemmed with silk lace is only 8½ guineas, obtainable in many shades.

Novelty of the Week. The modest sum of one pound can secure an excellent tweed coat and skirt, ideal for country wear, which is available in many attractive colourings. To all readers who apply to this paper I will gladly furnish the necessary name and address enabling them to take advantage of this splendid opportunity.



A practical motoring coat of tan leather built by Gamages, Holborn, E.C.



Every motorist will rejoice in these well-made leather driving gloves from Gamages.



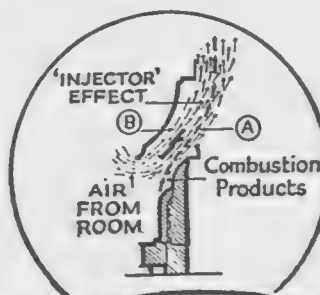
A graceful coat of beaver coney from the Wholesale Fur Company, 12, Conduit Street, W.



A Study by Gordon NICOLL

THE cheerful warmth of a Radiation Gas Grate ensures pleasant comfort with ample ventilation throughout the long winter evenings. While radiant heat is warming the room the patent "Injector-Ventilator" ensures a constant and steady circulation of pure fresh air, without draughts. The Radiation Gas Grate provides ideal winter warmth.

The Radiation Gas Grates have two openings under the canopy leading to the flue. The lower or "Injector" opening (A) carries away the entire combustion products, and the upper or "Ventilating" opening (B) carries away a large volume of air drawn from the room. The ascending current through the lower outlet



promotes by Injector-action the ventilating function in the outlet above; the result is that while pure radiant heat is distributed throughout the room, the air of the room is changed a sufficient number of times to ensure an agreeable and healthy atmosphere being maintained.

However tastefully your room may be furnished and decorated, there is a Radiation Gas Grate that will suit it admirably. A variety of designs can be seen at your Gas Show-rooms. Also at Ironmongers' Stores, or at any of the show-rooms of the Radiation firms named below.

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THE CASE OF THE MISSING LADY.

(Continued.)

"Well?"

"I couldn't get on to Stavansson. Then I tried Lady Susan. She was out, too. Then I thought of ringing up old Brady. I asked him to look up Horrison in the 'Medical Directory,' or whatever the thing calls itself."

"Well, what did Dr. Brady say?"

"Oh, he knew the name at once. Horrison was once a bona-fide doctor, but he came a cropper of some kind. Brady called him a most unscrupulous quack, and said he, personally, wouldn't be surprised at anything. The question is, what are we to do now?"

"We must stay here," said Tuppence instantly. "I've a feeling they mean something to happen to-night. By the way, a gardener has been clipping ivy round the house. Tommy, I saw where he put the ladder."

"Good for you, Tuppence," said her husband appreciatively. "Then, to-night."

"As soon as it's dark."

"We shall see."

"What we shall see."

Tommy took his turn at watching the house whilst Tuppence went to the village and had some food.

Then she returned and they took up the vigil together. At nine o'clock they decided that it was dark enough to commence operations. They were now able to circle the house in perfect freedom. Suddenly Tuppence clutched Tommy by the arm.

"Listen!"

The sound she had heard came again, borne faintly on the night air. It was the moan of a woman in pain. Tuppence pointed upwards to a window on the first floor.

"It came from that room," she whispered.

Again that low moan rent the stillness of the night.

The two listeners decided to put their

original plan into execution. Tuppence led the way to where she had seen the gardener put the ladder. Between them they carried it to the side of the house from which they had heard the moaning. All the blinds of the ground-floor rooms were drawn, but this particular window upstairs was unshuttered.

Tommy put the ladder as noiselessly as possible against the side of the house.

"I'll go up," whispered Tuppence. "You stay below. I don't mind climbing ladders, and you can steady it better than I could. And, in case the doctor should come round the corner, you'd be able to deal with him, and I shouldn't."

Nimble Tuppence swarmed up the ladder, and raised her head cautiously to look in at the window. Then she ducked it swiftly, but after a minute or two brought it very slowly up again. She stayed there for about five minutes. Then she descended again.

"It's her," she said breathlessly and ungrammatically. "But oh, Tommy, it's horrible! She's lying there in bed, moaning, and turning to and fro; and just as I got there a woman dressed as a nurse came in. She bent over her and injected something in her arm, and then went away again. What shall we do?"

"Is she conscious?"

"I think so. I'm almost sure she is. I fancy she may be strapped to the bed. I'm going up again, and, if I can, I'm going to get into that room."

"I say, Tuppence—"

"If I'm in any sort of danger, I'll yell for you. So long."

Avoiding further argument, Tuppence hurried up the ladder again. Tommy saw her try the window, then noiselessly push up the sash. Another second, and she had disappeared inside.

And now an agonising time came for Tommy. He could hear nothing at first.

Tuppence and Mrs. Leigh Gordon must be talking in whispers if they were talking at all. Presently he did hear a low murmur of voices, and drew a breath of relief. But suddenly the voices stopped. Dead silence.

Tommy strained his ears. Nothing. What could they be doing?

Suddenly a hand fell on his shoulder.

"Come on," said Tuppence's voice out of the darkness.

"Tuppence! How did you get here?"

"Through the front door. Let's get out of this."

"Get out of this?"

"That's what I said."

"But—Mrs. Leigh Gordon?"

In a tone of indescribable bitterness Tuppence replied—

"Getting thin!"

Tommy looked at her, suspecting irony.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. Getting thin. Slinkiness. Reduction of weight. Didn't you hear Stavansson say he hated fat women? In the two years he's been away his Hermy has put on weight. Got a panic when she knew he was coming back, and rushed off to do this new treatment of Dr. Horrison's. It's injections of some sort, and he makes a deadly secret of it, and charges through the nose. I daresay he is a quack, but he's a damned successful one! Stavansson comes home a fortnight too soon, when she's only beginning the treatment. Lady Susan has been sworn to secrecy, and plays up. And we come down here and make blithering idiots of ourselves." Tommy drew a deep breath.

"I believe, Watson," he said, with dignity, "that there is a very good concert at the Queen's Hall to-morrow. We shall be in plenty of time for it. And you will oblige me by not placing this case upon your records. It has absolutely no distinctive features."

THE END.

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Running Water throughout. Private Bath-
rooms. Sunny Garden facing Sea front.
Attractive Public Rooms. Renowned Cuisine.

P. Ulrich, M. Prop.

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Well-known Family Hotel. Entirely Renova-
ted. Running Water (H. & C.). Suites
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ance. Full South. Garden on Sea Front.
Modern Comforts. Restaurant.

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rooms. Private Bath Rooms (self-contained).
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NOVEL NOTES.

WOMEN AND WIVES. By HARVEY FERGUSON. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)

Another striking study in American manners and morals by the author of "Capitol Hill." Catherine Larne, a sensuous Southerner, comes upon the scene at a college dance, where her emotions are suddenly stirred by John Strome, a fellow-student. But she is already attached, more or less, to Jim Royce, another "college boy," whom she marries, on his appointment to a small Government post in Washington. Catherine, at first disappointed in wedlock, before long finds it more rewarding than she supposed. Gradually, however, the strain of house-keeping on narrow means, and the necessity of remaining childless, together with a radical incompatibility, bring disillusion. Catherine proves an exacting, suspicious wife; Jim a rover. He entangles himself with an amiable little fool, Fanny Miller, and Catherine runs away to New York to take up dress-designing. There she meets Strome again, and the sequel may be guessed. Both husband and wife are left deliriously happy—not with each other. Plot nothing to speak of, but writing excellent. An able, flaming, amazingly frank little drama of the sensual life, where vice is rewarded and virtue punished in the most engaging manner of to-day.

THE DREAM MAN. By PAMELA WYNNE. (Allan; 7s. 6d.)

Golly, what a story! Scene at first Maygate, a seaside resort scarcely disguised. Heroine, Monica Field—missionary's orphan, very young and innocent, chafing against puritanical aunts and full of fantastic notions about a "Dream Man." She picks up an

objectionable rascal on the sea-front, and would have come to grief but for the kind foresight of another stranger, Sir Geoffrey Fanshawe, ex-officer and paralytic, who sends his valet, Mason, to the rescue. Very soon Monica is Lady Fanshawe, in name at least, and unhappy. Miraculous cure of Fanshawe, whereupon matters improve somewhat; but Monica cannot live up to her husband's aristocratic set. He snubs and tortures her, and then drags her out to India, where she gets into ghastly trouble with a native Prince, partly through the machinations of an old flame of Sir Geoffrey's, Aline Forrest, a prize wicked woman. Thereafter the tale drifts into such hopeless and lurid extravagance that it loses all coherence. A bad dream no Joseph could interpret.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU. By RALPH HAROLD BRETHERTON. (Arrow-smith; 7s. 6d.)

A story of "the domestic affections" as they have been tested by war and post-war conditions. Ned Hicks, a Bristol consulting chemist and ballast merchant, came home on demobilisation to a loving wife and family, and tried to resume work. But the *malaise* of war had laid hold of him. His efficiency had suffered; he was trivial and slack, inclined to idle and undignified gossiping with the staff. Office discipline vanished. His partner withdrew and set up opposition, and Ned went gradually down, losing his business and his wife's esteem. Part of his failure was due to a sentimental resolve to stand, at all costs, by the men who had fought. Ned therefore suffered fools gladly, and would have made a sorry end but for circumstances entirely unforeseen and rather improbable. But the story, if hard to credit in places, is smoothly told, and has some well-observed characters and tense situations.

ROSE OF THE WORLD. By KATHLEEN NORRIS. (John Murray; 7s. 6d.)

Rosalind (ought it not to have been Rosamund?) Kirby was a Californian business girl, daughter of a poor family that ought to have been the richest in Gates Mill, a small manufacturing town. Jilted by John Talbot, she married a scarcely sane tyrant, Clyde Bainbridge, Talbot's manager, who gave her an awful time. Talbot had made an equally loveless marriage, and he and Rose drifted together again, without, however, committing themselves. Side by side with the love-story is a mystery of a lost forty-year-old contract, the finding of which means wealth for Rose, her husband and her mother, and utter ruin for the Talbots. Rose discovers the document, and Bainbridge means to enforce it to the last penny. Nice quandary for Rose, now utterly in love once more with Talbot. The dramatic knot, unfortunately, is cut, not unloosed, by the far too opportune death of two persons. This crowded tale, with its fluent portraiture of small-town Californian life and character, is readable, but spoiled by the forced and ready-made ending.

THE WHITE DEVIL OF THE BLACK SEA. By LEWIS STANTON PALEN. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)

Not a novel, but stranger than fiction. It is the true story of the Russian aristocrat who made himself the terror of the Bolsheviks, and so earned the nickname which gives its title to a wonderful book. Every page is more sensational than the last. The unnamed hero knows what it feels like to be executed. He actually faced a Red firing-party, heard the command given, felt the blast of the death-volley in his face, and came off unhurt to tell the tale! But even that thrill is paralleled, if not surpassed, in this amazing record of adventure.



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WOMAN'S WAYS. (Continued.)

Coiffures for the Autumn.

Many owners of shingled heads have decided to let their hair grow this autumn, and are consequently faced with the problem of how to look neat and well groomed while their locks are at the trying "half-and-half" stage. M. Georges, the clever artist in hairdressing, of 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., has come to the rescue by the creation of the La Naturelle transformation, which is a perfect replica of Nature at her best. The hair is naturally wavy, and can be dressed according to individual taste, while the closest scrutiny will not reveal its secret. One of these fashionable coiffures is pictured on this page. M. Georges has also designed switches and curls innumerable, which add the finishing touches which are so often lacking in our own tresses. Transformations range from 12 guineas, and toupets from 5 guineas, while it is useful to remember that the *Times* system of payment by instalments is available. To all readers who



The "Blue Line" Fireproof Cooking Earthenware, which is also guaranteed against breakage in use.

apply mentioning the name of this paper, an illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free.

Fireproof Cooking Earthenware.

Every housewife

should make a note of the fact that the well-known "Blue Line" cooking earthenware is fireproof and guaranteed against breakage in use. In addition to these important qualities, it is easily kept clean and preserves



A fashionable "La Naturelle" transformation created by M. Georges, of 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

the full flavour of the food. Obtainable in a cheerful orange-brown colour lined with white porcelain, or in white with black handles, it

may be had from all stores of prestige. Should any difficulty be experienced, however, application should be made direct to Booths, Ltd., Church Bank Pottery, Tunstall, Staffs.

The Soap for the Nursery.

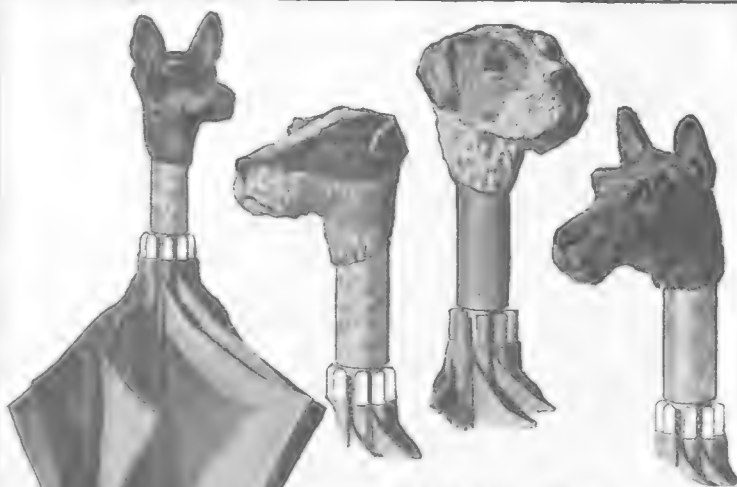
The splendid qualities of Wright's Coal Tar Soap as an antiseptic as well as a cleanser are known and appreciated in every family, especially where there are children. For in addition to these properties, it acts as a protection against the frequent ills of childhood—measles, chicken-pox, scarlatina, etc. In consequence of this universal popularity, a number of imitations are being put on the market, and the wrapper should be carefully inspected before purchasing. A facsimile of the genuine wrapper is reproduced on this page. Wright's Coal Tar Soap is obtainable from all chemists and stores of prestige.



A facsimile of the wrapper of Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

Sports Requisites.

Everything connected with autumn and winter sports can be obtained at Harrod's, Knightsbridge, S.W., who have just issued a sports catalogue for the convenience of those who are unable to pay a personal visit. Requisites for hockey, badminton, lacrosse, and football are rivalled by those for billiards, roulette, Mah-Jongg, etc.; so that everyone, whether energetically inclined or no, will find their needs easily satisfied. To all who apply, mentioning the name of this paper, a copy of the Sports Requisites Catalogue will be sent gratis and post free.

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TOM THUMB UMBRELLAS

No. 5110A.—Lady's "Tom Thumb" Umbrella (total length 26 in.). Nigger, Navy, or Black Silk Cover, Brown or White Tips, Malacca Cane Handle with head carved and coloured true to type, Malacca ferrule end. A large variety of heads always in stock. **£3 - 15 - 0**
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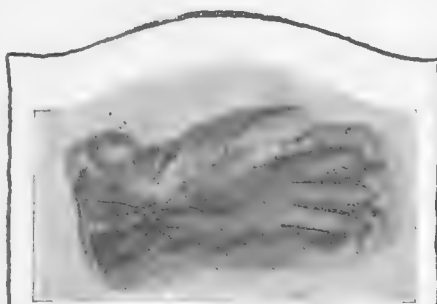
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GAL

YOUR HANDS DESERVE DENT'S GLOVES

*The Hand that Speaks*

"Come here"—and a forefinger beckons. "Go"—a hand and arm wave dismissal. "Stop"—a gesture pauses in mid-air. The hand lends colour to the words uttered by the tongue—and all eyes are upon it.

The woman who would be at ease, even in the company of the most fastidious, will feel perfect self-assurance if she has had the foresight to clothe her hands in Dent's Gloves. She knows they are the gloves whose correctness is unquestioned. Wearing them she never feels self-conscious about her attire. She gives them credit for that inner feeling that she is admired for her good taste in every incident of her dress.



Cold weather never troubles the woman whose glove-box holds a pair of these Dent's Gloves, fashioned in natural grey fur, and warmly lined with softest wool. Palm of flexible tan cape, elastic at wrist.

As you look at an array of Dent's Gloves in a draper's or glover's, you will notice the beauty and attractiveness of each pair—the fascinating designs, the perfect finish, the soft loveliness that have made Dent's Gloves famous for two centuries.

Let *your* hands be gloved by Dent's, and see how their character is accentuated by the faultless cut. There are Dent's Gloves to meet every mood of fashion, all distinguished by the "D" on the buttons or the word "Dent's" within the wrist. These are your assurance of a finely made glove, irreproachably fashioned, reasonably priced.

DENT'S GLOVES

* *

"THE SKETCH" ACROSTICS.

* *

THE solving of Acrostics has become so popular a pastime that, complying with the wishes of many of our readers, two acrostics will appear in *The Sketch* every week until further notice.

The first, marked Acrostic A, will be in the form of a series of six weekly acrostics. For this series a prize of £5 is offered to the competitor who shall send in correct solutions to all six. In the event of a tie, a special acrostic will be set to the winners, and, should several succeed in solving the special acrostic successfully, the serial prize will be awarded to the first correct solution opened.

The second acrostic, marked Acrostic B, is not in serial form, but carries with it a weekly prize of £1, which will be awarded to the first correct solution opened. This competition has the special feature that the uprights will be drawn from some advertisement appearing in our current, or previous week's advertisement pages. For purposes of this competition the Acrostic Editor does not bind himself to follow the beaten track of Acrostic writing, or to accept its established canons. Solvers may rest assured, however, that every upright and every light will be a perfectly fair one.

RULES.

1.—The Acrostic Editor is at all times willing to consider alternative solutions; but only in cases where both solutions are equally apposite. To this end, and for all purposes of this competition, the Acrostic Editor's decision must be final.

2.—Each solution sent in must be accompanied by the acrostic itself.

3.—All solutions should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, "The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, and should reach this office by the first post on the Monday following publication of the acrostic. Evidence of posting cannot be accepted as proof of receipt.

ACROSTIC A.

Dear Readers, to you all we make our bow. If you are pleased, 'tis happiness enow.

1. The sanctuary of a vanquished race.
2. Protestant champion from a German place.
3. Carry, send back, assign to, or appeal.
4. Mixed food for cattle, 'tis derived from meal.
5. It's made from sturgeons, tho' not from the roe.
6. This teaches you the things you ought to know.
7. A man of ancient days, known by his curse.
8. A painful malady, to say no worse!

ACROSTIC B.

Oh, what a fuss! I am afraid
He pays the penalty of fame:
At least it's British, and all British-made,
Except it's name.

1. A lovely thing, of fine design and neat,
They'll show you one in Queen Victoria Street.
2. Deduct one-third; my whole is what
Each of us, in some form, has got.
3. Reverse these letters and you'll see
That is the answer, Q. E. D.
4. Look up above to find this light
It's written down in black and white.
5. No fisherman without it you will see
Though a discredit it's been known to be.
6. An adjective of justice; right and fair;
An undertaking known everywhere.
7. Thus are his pupils called, thus also he
Is styled when in authority.
8. Obsolete metre, and devoid of rhyme;
To learn it nowadays a waste of time.
9. Somebody's fault they must be, yet you
never see.
(When they're corrected) an apology.
10. Tom Tiddler's ground! For many years
they'll find
An aftermath of trouble left behind.

"You MUST be put on

Roboleine

—Mother says so!"



MOTHER says that the 'Danger Months' are here—you know, muggy one day and east wind the next—and that 'Roboleine' makes you so strong that the weather doesn't matter. We all know what is in 'Roboleine.' Do you?

ROBOLEINE

IS MADE OF
MARROW

from the long bones,
RED MARROW
from the rib bones
of prime oxen,
Cream of Malt, Egg Yolk,
Neutralised Lemon Juice.

Mother says she remembers 'Roboleine' when she was a girl, and that old Doctor Brown recommended it as she was rather weakly. Are you a mother who is reading this? Put your children on 'Roboleine'; it builds the body—feeds the nerves, 2/-, 3/6, and 6/- at your chemist's.

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LONDON.



Luck of the Wise

If they had to choose, sir, quite a lot of people would ask for luck rather than wisdom. But I've come to the conclusion that it's the wise who are really—ahem—the lucky ones.

Exactly, sir. Gentlemen of your discrimination don't ask for any better luck than to have discovered, at the price of ordinary cigarettes, Kensitas—*always* "as good as really good cigarettes can be."

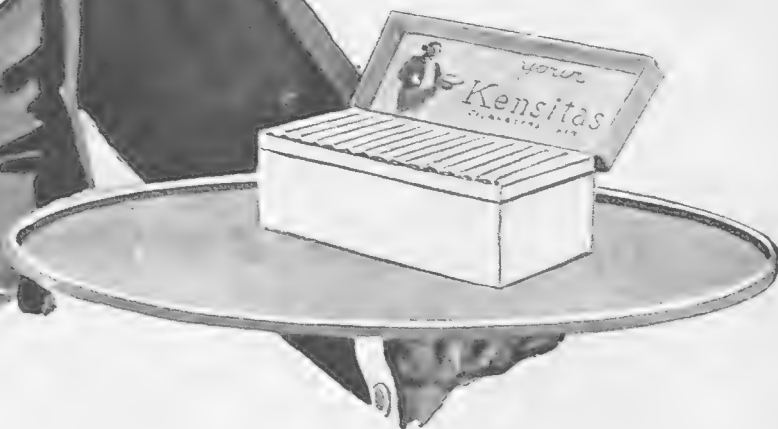
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Kensitas

the preferred cigarette

F.F.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—LXX.

THE DECLARATION.

"THE declaration is the alpha and the omega of auction bridge." In these words most writers open the chapter on the declaration. Probably they are right, but the deuce of it is that it is all alpha and no omega. Of course, the game is more or less a new one, and consequently all departments are liable to constant revision and, indeed, to revolutionary ideas brought about by practical experience at the card-table. Still, the game is old enough, and the theory and practice have been sufficiently thrashed out by now to allow some sort of definite agreement to be come to by the experts as to what is and what isn't a sound declaration—some standard to which all average players should work, and a few golden rules that would be of real use to the beginner on his entry into bridge circles. But apparently there is nothing of this kind, one writer saying one thing, another something else. I myself, I allow, have views on this subject that go contrary to most writers on the game.

These few remarks are the result of reading this week in a contemporary: "When you have a singleton in partner's declared suit, it is generally advisable to take him out." And, as an example, I read: "If my partner bid a heart, and I held—

SPADES—Q, x, x.
HEARTS—x.
CLUBS—Q, x, x.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 10, x, x, x, x—

I should certainly bid two diamonds as a warning."

As a warning of what? That he has a hopeless hand and has no chance of making his contract—I mean, the two-diamond merchant? He sets out to make eight tricks on that lot, and proposes it as a better business than seven tricks on his partner's declaration. At the same time he reduces,

if left in, his side's game chance to nil, while he sets his partner to a two-trick contract if he wishes to advance his heart bid, or to change to no-trumps, which is the more likely shift on the two-diamond call.

This is indeed an example of not trusting partner and of showing him what you have not got: two things, I believe, that most players look upon as being fatal to sound inter-partnership play. We must not forget, however, that the bid is made as "a warning"! That is all right, except that a slight difficulty may arise in partner knowing when he is being warned or when he is being told the truth.

Yet another writer—and this one of our most respected authorities on the game—says: "I am very enamoured [or words to that effect] with the quick-trick bid": that is, to show partner by the calling where a couple of tricks can be picked up at once. Thus he would call a club on ace, king, and two small, and not another rag in his hand, so that his partner may lead clubs and gather in these two quick tricks. And he would call a spade on ace, king, queen and one small, and not another possibility, on the same principle. Mind you, these are *original* calls—not secondary or forced—they should be made by dealer! But as our other writer takes out as "a warning," so this one makes these original bids as a "defensive" measure, and he tells us that there is a big difference between a defensive and a business bid; whereby I agree, but again I see a slight difficulty for partner in sizing up the situation as being a defensive or offensive one. He acknowledges that there is the danger in such calling—partner, not tumbling to the defensive notion, may run the bidding up to merry heights and play the very devil with the results.

Now, all this is astonishing to me, more especially when the information comes from such a very high source; I did think that we

were all agreed on one thing, anyhow, about the declaration—that the original bid *always* meant business; that it could not possibly be made on any other lines, so that either the suit named was solid or there was sufficient side support to justify calling the suit. My own idea, of course, is that a suit should never be called without side support; but I am not going to argue that point again here; still, as I say, I thought all players were agreed that you must have one or other holding before making an *original* suit call.

Yet now we are told to make an original call on two quick tricks in any suit and nothing else at all. Pity the poor beginner! How is he to get a hang of it? To my mind there is no such thing as a defensive call, with the exception of an original one no-trump, which is defensive in so far that it takes the call away from opponent, and informs partner that you have bits, but no suit worth naming. Some 50 per cent. of players—or more—take partner's bid of a club or diamond as an invitation to call no-trumps. They would have a sorry time when dummy puts down two quick tricks (in the same suit) and otherwise a bust.

No, we really must have some standard calling—hard, fast, and well defined. The standards should be based on honesty and straightforwardness, which is that declarer must mean what he says. He cannot possibly make bids that mean different things on different occasions. There can be no defence or warning in original calls. Partners are but human, and cannot be expected to see into the brain of their partners—nor through the back of their cards. Is it any wonder, with all these strange writings, that the level of play is so mediocre, and that the unfortunate beginner don't know where 'e are?

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

SPENCER COX.—Thanks for letter, which I hope to go into fully next week.



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THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

The Latest
Stage
Decoration
Scheme.

The fashion of publishing interviews with stars of the stage, showing photographs of the interior of their houses, has rather gone out in Paris, but the authors, at any rate, have discovered another way of telling us how they live. Some time ago Sacha Guitry had a scene in one of his plays copied from the drawing-room in his own flat, and now Henry Bernstein thinks of doing the same thing. He lives near the Palais Bourbon, where the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies are held, and the note of the decoration of his rooms is black and white. The Wedgwood vases on the mantelpiece and the black furniture carry out the scheme, which is emphasised by the black and white hangings on the walls. The only note of colour is given by a few pictures by ancient and modern masters. Another peculiarity of the flat is the cork lining to the walls and ceiling of the bed-room, to keep out the noise, to which M. Bernstein is peculiarly sensitive.

The Senate also has distinguished theatrical inhabitants in its neighbourhood. The tall and fair Mary Marquet, who is not only the most beautiful but also the most talented of the younger members of the Comédie Française, lives in the Rue de Tournon, under the shadow of the Luxembourg. The flat is a museum of theatrical history, as is indeed appropriate for an artist whose grandmother also distinguished herself at the Française. The drawing-room is filled with the old-gold and dull red furniture which belonged to Sarah Bernhardt; while that of the bed-room was once the property of Mlle. Mars.

A statuette of Rachel and a portrait of de Max are among the many recollections of the theatre of yesterday and to-day.

A Sarah
Story.

Mme. Simone, not without a little malice herself, has been telling an amusing story of the quick but sometimes malicious wit of the great Sarah. Mme. Simone began her career as an amateur pupil of Le Bary, then at the height of his fame as the exquisite and handsome *jeune première* of the Comédie Française, whom she was destined afterwards to marry and subsequently to divorce. Le Bary asked Sarah to hear the enthusiastic beginner recite, and when she had finished he said, "She has talent, don't you think?" "Talent?" answered the great actress. "She has indeed—even more than you."

Mistinguett is going to law. The trouble is over another lady, who calls herself Mismarguett, and took the place of Mistinguett at the Casino de Paris whilst the latter was in America. She made such a success that she has been recently announced in large letters as "Mistinguett's remarkable double." It is for the announcement of her name without authority that "Miss" is going to take action. For the use of a name which was obviously invented to resemble hers she was advised that she could obtain no redress.

Separation in
the Divorce
Court.

When husband and wife set out to divorce one another, they are probably not on the best of terms—or they ought not to be. In Paris, at any rate, their antagonism often tends to be so violent that special precautions have to be taken at the Palais de Justice to prevent their

coming to blows. On the second floor there is a small court, where both parties have to be subjected by a judge to a preliminary inquiry, as is the habit in French procedure. To separate the antagonists there are two waiting-rooms, the first for men and the second for women; but the violent incursions from one waiting-room to the other have been so frequent that they are now separated by a wrought-iron gate, through which words can indeed still be exchanged, but nothing else—unless, as at the "Zoo," you go too near the cage.

The Latest
Neuilly
Attraction.

A professional bicyclist is at least as much a hero to the small boy in France as the cricketer or the footballer in England, and when he retires he is pretty sure to be able to make a comfortable living on his reputation by keeping a modest café somewhere or other. The former champion, Jacquelin, is doing better still. On an island in the Seine at Neuilly he has opened not only a "bistro," in a picturesque wooden shed under the trees, but a private bicycle track where young aspirants for future championship honours can practise and also benefit by his expert instruction, in the hope that one day they will attain the supreme glory of wreaths of flowers mingling with their perspiration as they collapse at the victorious end of the Tour de France or the Bordeaux-Paris.

An Interesting
Cause Célèbre.

One of the most interesting *causes célèbres* of the coming season will, no doubt, be that between the antique dealers, Demotte and Vigouroux, which will come on in

[Continued overleaf]



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Continued.]

November. The latter was to have been represented by the fashionable *avocat* of the day, Maître—for an *avocat* is not merely Monsieur—de Moro-Giafferi. As the latter is, however, a member of the Government, he is not allowed to practise, and he will be replaced by another politician, Maître Paul-Boucour. The trial will deal with an accusation of fraud by Demotte against his New York agent, Vigouroux, and the latter's retort that Demotte had carried on a lucrative business in fake Gothic statues, which he had sold to most of the museums in Europe. Demotte is now dead, but his widow is fighting the action. The points at issue remind one of the story of the American collector who bought an Old Master, and had a modern portrait painted over it in order to get it to the United States. When he arrived, he sent it to the picture-cleaners to be put back into its original state. In a few days he received a message: "We have washed off the portrait. We have washed off the Madonna. What shall we do with the Coronation of William IV.?"

Fashions for Men.

The days are past when a Frenchman was always married in evening clothes, which were worn on every ceremonial occasion, whether at night or in the day time. The modern bridegroom wears a morning coat, and his only touch of extra formality is to add a top hat instead of the bowler, or *chapeau melon*, which

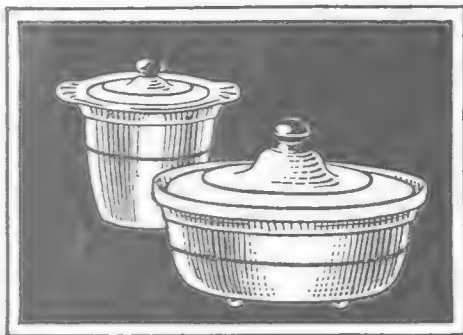


THE MARRIAGE OF MR. PATRICK WADE GARD'NER, AND MISS FREDA CLARK: AT ST. MARGARET'S.

The marriage of Mr. Patrick Wade Gard'ner, M.C., son of the late Mr. Wade Gard'ner, and of Mrs. Wade Gard'ner, of Kinellan Lodge, Strathpeffer, to Miss Freda Clark, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clark, of 42, Albert Court, Kensington, was celebrated recently at St. Margaret's,

in Paris is considered quite correct with that garment. The dress coat is no longer worn, even by politicians making public speeches (except in the evening), and almost the only survivors of the old tradition are the President of the Senate and the Chamber, who both display the snowy shirt-front when controlling—more or less controlling—the debates. There is now talk of no longer dressing them as waiters, either. The custom only dates from the 'seventies. Grévy used to wear a frock-coat or redingote, and not the present garb, which the French call a *frac*. BOULEVARDIER.

Although the political situation, with its hourly "crises," fills the public bill, as one might say, there is still time to think of such things as the Motor Exhibition at Olympia and the Cesarewitch meeting at Newmarket—both of which are running it close in the general interest. But any consideration of these brings us immediately to the Special Motoring Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, which is published this week. The *Sporting and Dramatic* has for more than forty years been the leading illustrated sporting weekly, catering for everybody, and this week's issue, in addition to its many special pages devoted to cars and motor transport, contains its full complement of sporting and stage pictures and articles. It is on sale everywhere on Friday.



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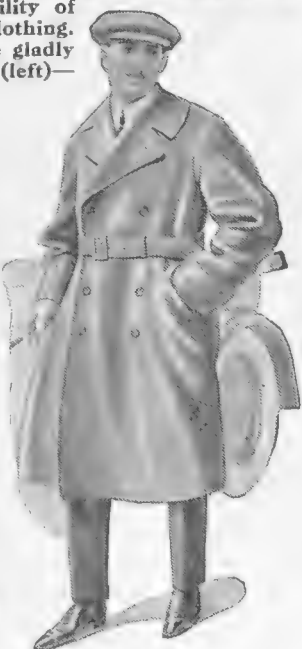
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A POSTSCRIPT BY MARIEGOLD.

I LOOKED in the Independent Gallery the other day, as I was most anxious to see the water-colours that Mr. Frank Dobson has done during his stay in Italy in the summer. My admiration for him as a sculptor is boundless, and I was curious to see how he would treat water-colour. His pictures of Venice and the Lido are most delicate and charming, but I preferred some views of Portofino. From the point of view of the man in the street, none of the pictures are at all "modern," as by that adjective he means something violent painted in very bright colours, whereas Mr. Dobson's sketches are most delicate.

At the same gallery there is also some sculpture by Mr. Dobson, including the bust of Lydia Lopokova, which had already been shown at the last London Group, and which is such a magnificent work; but it is hidden away in an inner room, and I just caught a glimpse of it accidentally.

The statuettes can be seen without any difficulty, as they are on view in the same room with the water-colours. Amongst them is a study for the Welsh National War Memorial—the figure of a crouching woman magnificent in its austere simplicity. It has, I understand, been rejected by the War Memorial Committee. Presumably the one chosen is even finer. In which Wales is indeed to be congratulated on a War Memorial of rare distinction. It is strange that Mr. Dobson, who is undoubtedly one of the best English sculptors of the day, is so little known among the general public, though he has a following among the intelligentsia, and

has sculpted many well-known people, including Mr. Asquith and Mr. Osbert Sitwell.

It seems difficult to induce people to return to town this year—and no wonder, when one considers the weather that we Londoners have been enduring; and I hear from a friend in Biarritz that, although the *saïson d'été* is considered over and most of the Spanish and French visitors have left, there are still quite a number of well-knowns about. "The other day," she writes, "I saw Mme. de Landa—Lady Drogheda that was—with her little daughter, Lady Patricia Moore, hanging on her arm. Madame looked very attractive in the latest thing in jumper suits—a deep hyacinth-blue skirt and hat, and a jumper of blue and soft cerise in broad bands. Long sleeves, by the way, were a feature of this get-up.

I also saw Lady Cynthia Mosley and her husband—who are now back in town—sunning themselves on the terrace of the Carlton last week. She looked lovely and very sunburnt, and wore a simple white frock and her fine pearls. Her husband is a prospective Labour M.P.—and somehow it seemed funny to think of this when one looked at Lady Cynthia's pearls, and saw her stepping into a pretty good-looking car. Lord and Lady Cholmondeley are among those who have been at the Palais all the season, playing lawn-tennis hard, and have just left with Sir Philip Sassoon, Lady Cholmondeley's brother, for San Sebastian, on the Spanish coast, where, I believe, Lady Cunard has gone too.

"Mme. Peria and her husband are still at

the Palais, as he is playing polo until the end of the season. She looked extremely well at the last of the Gala dinners. What a success these festivities have been, by the way; and at the final one crowds assembled, and the fun was great, with all sorts of favours distributed, and everyone pelting each one else at the tables with little coloured balls of soft wool.

The Granel Duke Boi's and the Duchess were present, and Prince and Princess Sixte of Bourbon, the Marquis and Marquise d'Arcanques, and the Comte and Comtesse d'Arcanques—those two brothers who belong to one of the oldest and most important families in Southern France, and who married two sisters. The honour of England in looks and *chic* was, however, well upheld by Lady Abdy, who was with her husband, and looked beautiful in a simple white chiffon frock, with a trailly ostrich-feather wrap to enhance her tall, fair beauty.

Mrs. Harold Baring and her husband were also there, and Captain and Mrs. Reginald Paget; and there were a mass of exquisitely dressed women. If one had, however, to vote for one dress above all others, I think I should have given the prize to the black frock worn by Mme. Errazuriz, a beautiful and wealthy South American who is reported to own "some" gold mines—not just one, mark you! It was of dead black with a fringe like dew-drops of diamanté, and a pattern of the same running up the skirt; while her shoes reminded one of Cinderella's crystal slippers, for they were embroidered all over with diamanté.

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AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA. BY MICHAEL ORME.

"THE THIEF OF BAGDAD." (DRURY LANE THEATRE.)

ALL the perfumes of Arabia could not cleanse the stain from Lady Macbeth's hand, and all the splendours of Arabia will not serve to hide the hand of the American producer. It is capable of so much. It is, alas! so often responsible for that "little more, and how much it is." The loudly heralded "Thief of Bagdad" is a momentous film in many ways; chiefly because it marks an important incursion of an American production into the realm of fantasy and magic which has been left hitherto mainly to German exploration. It is a realm belonging to the camera by every right of cunning and of craft. It is a realm, moreover, wherein the American producer, with his vast resources and his technical excellence, can achieve much. But I would implore him to restrain his unfortunate habit of piling Pelion on Ossa. There are moments of sheer beauty in "The Thief of Bagdad"—they are the moments when, for once, the background is neither fretted, nor frescoed, nor cubistically adorned, and the figures are allowed their full value instead of being lost in a maze of patterns. Structurally this City of Bagdad, this city of a thousand steps and countless corners, is amazing; audacious in its conception, awe-inspiring in its elaborate and solid construction. But it seemed to me to stifle the story like the undulating tentacles of an octopus; and if at times even the volatile and irrepressible Douglas Fairbanks himself seemed subdued, I contend that the keen edge of his work

was blurred by the mass of details that surrounded him. A little more simplicity and breadth of treatment, a little more true romance and room for the human touch would have marked this film a masterpiece. As it stands it is a remarkable manifestation of the camera's possibilities and, in the latter half of it at least, a capital entertainment, full of invention and spirit. The story has the true flavour of the Arabian Nights. It concerns an impudent and handsome young thief of Bagdad, whose boast is that he takes everything he wants. His exploits lead him into the presence of the Princess, but though he tries to take her, his love for her intervenes. A changed and chastened man, he sets out to make himself worthy of her, and comes back with treasure greater than those of the three rival Princes who woo the Princess. Meanwhile he has encountered and triumphed over incredible dangers, even to the killing of a fearsome dragon, a sort of comic cousin to that ominous and tragic monster whom Siegfried slew in "The Nibelung." Indeed, the pilgrimage of this Bagdad thief shows several points of resemblance with the Northern legend; but Mr. Elton Thomas's Pegasus, like the "winged horse" ridden through the skies by the gallant Douglas, is inclined to amble. There can be no doubt, however, as to the stirring quality of the climax, wherein the reformed Thief, finding Bagdad in the enemy's hands, puts Schiller's hero to shame, and creates an army "out of the ground," an army of such vast and swelling dimensions that the whole screen becomes a sea of glittering steel and fluttering pennons.

A film such as this gives little scope for acting. Douglas Fairbanks is at his best—

and a wonderful best it is—in his lighter moments, revelling in his amazing agility, thoroughly in love with life. His romance is scarcely helped by the stolidity of his Princess, Miss Julianne Johnston, who is perhaps too much inclined to pose rather than act. The hero's sinful but amusing ally is capably acted by Snitz Edwards, and I liked the sinister serenity of So-Jin's Mongol Prince. A delightful impersonation of a naughty Mongol Slave is that of Miss Anna May Wong, whose whole lithe body is as expressive as it is shapely. "The Thief of Bagdad" was received with enthusiasm—its magic marvels and the *joie de vivre* of its hero will doubtless draw all London.

"LOVE AND SACRIFICE."

(AT THE SCALA THEATRE.)

Why on earth should there have been any trouble with the Censor over the new Griffith production, which, as is generally known, deals with the American War of Independence? Surely every English school-boy and girl is taught to admire George Washington, who "could not tell a lie," and no one nowadays would uphold the policy of George III., any more than Pitt did. There is not a shadow of offence to the most sensitive of feelings in the wording or the unfolding of historical events—even the villain, who wears the King's coat, is carefully labelled "American-born"! As a matter of fact, the swift-moving living history of "Love and Sacrifice" is intensely interesting—more interesting, indeed, than the somewhat commonplace romance that runs through the sterner stuff.

D. W. Griffith has lost none of his old grip
(Continued overleaf.)



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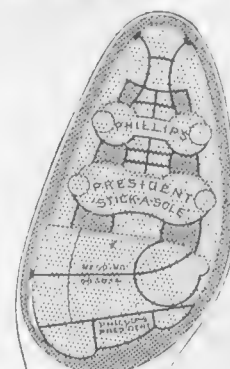


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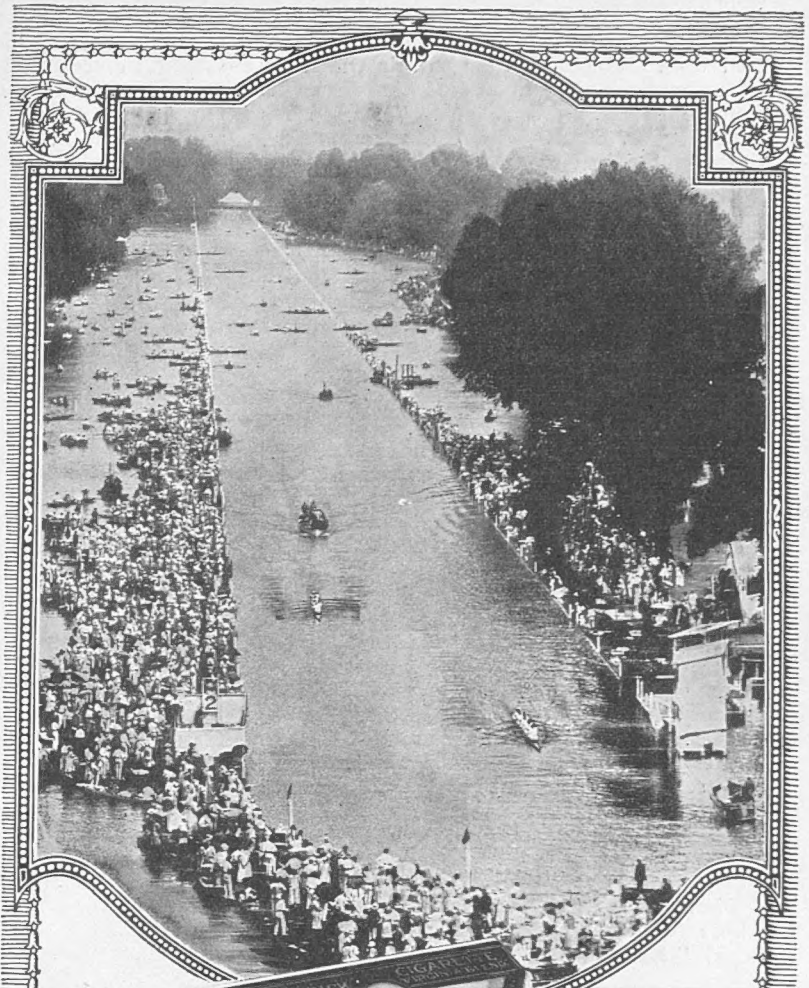
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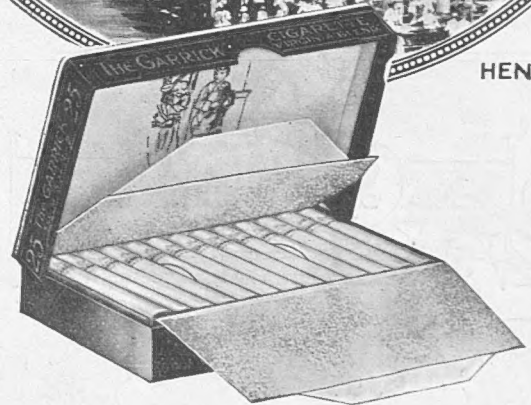
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Continued.]

or sense of the dramatic in the handling of masses. None knows better than he how to lead up to a climax, how to stir the heart with the clash of conflict and the desperate courage of an uneven fight. Thus, in his rendering of Paul Revere's famous ride, there is the genuine throb of a big effort, the pulse of speed and the beat of hoofs; the battle scenes, with the dogged, machine-like advance of the regulars, and the grimly heroic resistance of the rebels, carry conviction. As to the romance, it gives Mr. Griffith a chance here and there for his incurable love of sentiment, but it is not strong enough to hold its own beside the romance of reality; it is the Sacrifice that matters, not the Love. In this respect, Mr. Griffith has not reached the height of his own earlier film, "The Birth of a Nation"; nor has he found a second Lilian Gish in his heroine, Carol Dempster—a charming little actress when left to herself, but totally unable to respond to the Griffith method of twitching lip and fluttering fingers. Miss Dempster is merely coy and insufferably arch. Mr. Neil Hamilton, the young hero, on the contrary, is wholly in the picture, sincere and unaffected. Mr. Lionel Barrymore lends distinction and personality to a stereotyped villain, whilst the fleeting glimpses of George Washington are rendered duly impressive by Mr. Arthur Dewey's dignity and restraint. Undoubtedly a film to be seen.

"KOENIGSMARK."

(AT THE PHILHARMONIC HALL.)

Pierre Benoit, the famous French novelist, whose earlier and possibly better-known book, "L'Atlantide," has already provided

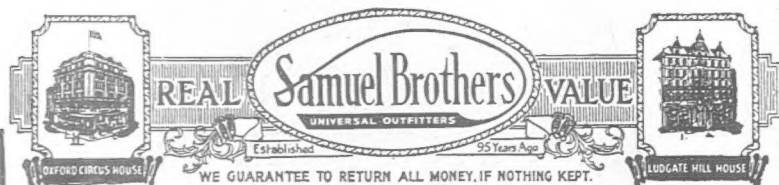
a strong film drama, is fond of probing the mysteries of the past. Fonder still of providing the secret dramas of a bygone day with a modern echo. He did it in "L'Atlantide," he does it again in "Koenigsmark," and it must be admitted that whilst these echoes of old passions provide a haunting under-current to his stories, Pierre Benoit's little habit of carrying his plot hither and thither, often using various characters as his mouthpiece, is apt to be confusing, even between the covers of a book. Yet in his very methods of construction lies part of his power as a raconteur. I would not miss his air of mystery for anything. But it is difficult to preserve it in drama form and yet avoid being obscure. "L'Atlantide" on the screen was a very bald statement of a fascinating romance. "Koenigsmark" seems to me to lack that atmosphere of hidden drama that the young tutor-hero felt so acutely from the moment he stepped into the Castle of Lautenburg; at the same time, the plot is sufficiently involved to puzzle anyone who has not read the book. Frankly, I find the novel badly adapted for the screen, and the characters, as they are allowed to express themselves in this version, uninteresting. The heroine treats her husband abominably; the hero is a nincompoop. On the other hand, "Koenigsmark" has been produced right royally in every sense of the word. There are massive exteriors and interiors of most impressive magnificence; there are military demonstrations, and a brilliant firework display—this latter, by the way, a very beautiful achievement; pomp and circumstance of every kind, with a wild dash into Parisian night-life, just to remind us that the world is made up of all

sorts, and prevent us from getting too haughty. Amongst all this scenic splendour the drama unfolds somewhat slowly until it reaches a fairly dramatic climax in the unmasking of the villainous Archduke, who murdered his elder brother, and the heroine's motor drive through the moonlight to the frontier with the hero, Vignerte, whom she thus restores to France on the eve of war.

Huguette Duflos, advertised as "the most beautiful woman in Paris," has been selected for the part of the Grand Duchess Aurora. She is content to pose and to manipulate her astonishing "creations," which struck me as extremely un-grand-ducal. When the lighting is skilfully managed—and it generally is—she looks beautiful. Jacques Cate-lain, with his pretty little face and his pretty little suits, is entirely out of place in the part of the young French tutor; but George Vaultier gives a very fine impersonation of the sinister Frederick—by far the most arresting personality in this strange romance of a pre-war Court.

It is to be regretted that, owing to an error, the address of Melson Clifford and Co., the makers of the well-known Melso artificial silk jersey fabric for frocks and lingerie, was given as 147, Great Portland Street, W., on page 116 in our issue of Oct. 8. This should have been 12-13, Addle Street, Wood Street, E.C.

It must be noted that on page 116 in our issue of Oct. 8 the address of Harry Hall, the well-known tailors, of 207, Oxford Street, W., was inadvertently given as 207, Regent Street, W. We trust no inconvenience was caused by this error.



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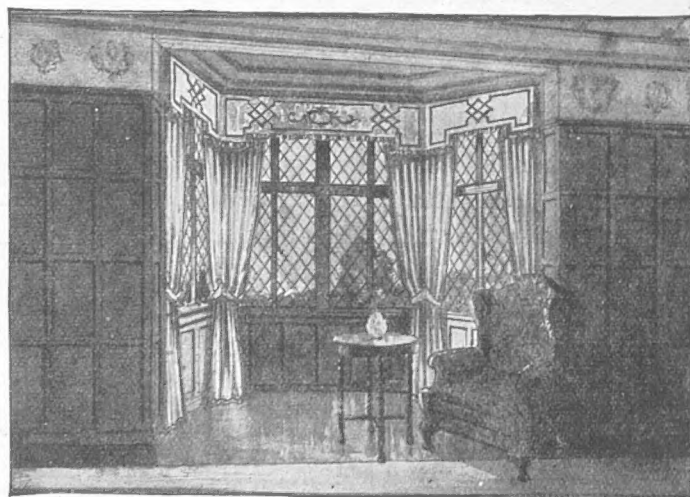
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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"TEN," said The Jobber, replying to a question as to how many times he had been to the Exhibition.

"Then I take it you know every Colonial building in the place."

"Every bar, I expect," amended The City Editor.

"Both," was the cheerful response. "I haven't been to the Lucullus, in spite of the boom in tea—"

"And coffee?"

"You must have done awfully well out of those Dumonts I put you into," remarked The Broker. "What was it you paid for them?"

"About 3½, I think," The Engineer answered. "You told us all here one morning, when we were talking about rubber."

"And now you can double your money. No doubt, everybody else"—and he stared with fixation at the roof of the compartment—"bought the shares through some other broker."

"Wish we had," The Merchant confessed. "I didn't believe in your tip at the time. But I had a few Bajoes, and they've come out all right."

"After looking a bad egg for weeks, before the market got a move on," added The Broker, with his customary candour. "Sold them yet? No? Well, there's nothing like taking a good profit, is there?"

"What one wants is to be in the swim, or just ahead of it," The City Editor plattituded.

"Then tell us which is going to be the next market with a rising tide, and we will go for our bathing costumes."

"You make me shiver"—The Broker showed them how. "I would rather have the chill taken off the water first before I make the plunge."

"Then nitrates should suit you," The Engineer considered. "The rise has already started, and the tide looks right."

"Not a bad idea. I've been thinking that the Swindlecate ought to have a few nitrates. Let's clear out our tobacco shares—"

"They're good enough, surely."

"Rather; but there's no 'go' about them, and we are not a trust company, simply out for dividends and yield. Our policy is to keep in the active things, and to drop stuff which goes out of fashion."

"Cheers," said The Jobber placidly. "Count me as one of the queue. What nitrates are we going to buy, may I ask?"

"Always the good things. Safety first, so that we're not wholly in the cart if there should be another European war. I like Salar del Carmen, Liverpools, Lautaro—"

"They're all so high," The Engineer demurred, looking at the prices in his paper. "Why not Lagunas Syndicate or Aguas Blancas?"

"Shouldn't touch Lagunas Syndicate, but Aguas Blancas are all right—five-shilling shares, remember."

"Oh, are they? I didn't know that; it makes a difference. The price surely gives them a certain popularity, though, for folks who don't want to handle big-priced shares."

The Broker agreed. "There are any number of people," he diverged, "who are always open to a spec. with fifty or a hundred pounds. People to whom the loss of some of the money wouldn't mean any great shakes, but who'd be glad to add a little zest to their life by a mild speculative investment."

"They want more of a run for their money than they can get by putting half-a-crown on the Two-Thirty, eh?"

"That's the idea. They are on the look-out for dividends, but a rise in price is their

first consideration. Thousands of people like that, there are; and the Stock Exchange does very little for them."

"Fortunately for the bucket-shops," said The City Editor drily.

"That's the mischief of it. You get the whole country flooded with circulars offering shares—"

"Sometimes good enough shares, only there's no Stock Exchange market in them. Once you've bought, you've got 'em for life."

"That's not the kind of thing for people to put money in," The Engineer announced. "I think everyone ought to study the chances of being able to get out of what stocks and shares he buys."

"You generally do study them—after you've fallen to the outsider's temptation," declared The Merchant.

"Buy first, and ask afterwards—same old sin. We all commit it, some time or another. Mistakes are invariably expensive."

"You don't help me to help the small investor or speculator"—The Broker adopted an injured tone of voice. "I want moderately priced shares with decent prospects."

"Bisichi Tin and Chartered; two good ones," said The Engineer.

"Crosse and Blackwell First Pref. and Rubber Trusts are two of my favourites," continued The City Editor. "Both speculative, of course," he hastily added.

"I prefer Kern River Oil and British Burmah Petroleums," The Merchant contributed.

"You all seem to like doubles—"

They fairly jumped at The Jobber, and accepted the invitation with one voice.

"Mistakes are invariably expensive," quoth the victim. "I'm going into liquidation."

"Hurrah!" cried The City Editor. "We'll all come! Success to the Swindlecate!"

Friday, Oct. 10, 1924.



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